

# LEND A HAND.

A RECORD OF PROGRESS.

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## THE BRAZILIAN FREEDMEN.

Our Brazilian friends are beginning to learn by experience what are the responsibilities of freedom.

We have received at this office an interesting and important letter from one of the largest cities in Brazil, asking advice of Americans of humanity and of experience what shall be done for the throngs of freed slaves, who leave the plantations and throng the cities. As in another country, not so far off as Brazil, the attraction of city life proves too much for those who live in the country, and the "congestion of the cities" has begun for Brazil also. "What shall be done for these poor blacks who have nothing to do? Shall we establish soup-houses for them? What shall we do for them? Can you in North America, who freed your slaves twenty-five years ago, tell us what we shall do?"

The bounty of Nature in those tropical countries makes the question even more difficult than it is with us. We have heard a somewhat similar cry from the outlying islands of the Hawaiian group. When a man does not have to build himself a house, when he can find a banana for his breakfast by looking for it under a tree, the temptations of laziness do not bring with them the instant punishments which light upon the sinner in severer climates. In the United States we are trying to find out how to reduce the daily hours of labor, and

how to keep children out from factories and workshops. While we are so engaged, our Brazilian friends write to us to enquire how their freedmen may be set to work, and how their children may be trained to habits of industry.

Adam Smith would say that they must be let alone. And there seems to be no lack of other advisers to tell us that their "individualism must be respected." Thus we are told that if a man's individualism disposes him to lie all day in the sun, and to eat the chance fruits of tropical luxury, he must be let alone until some accidental access of hunger, or some unexpected twist of evolution, direct him to enquire his way to a cotton factory and insist on being trained as a spinner. But all this while Dr. Watts is saying that "Satan has some mischief still for idle hands to do," and it proves, alas! that this is as true in Brazil as ever it was in Clapham. Adam Smith may say what he chooses, but out of such indolence crime is born, and society finds, sooner or later, that it is easier to prevent crime by stimulating indolence than it is to punish crime which has grown up because we have let indolence alone.

It is, indeed, clear enough that we are all in one boat. And although the bananas fall from the trees very easily, it is clear enough that these new-made freedmen must take their share in maintaining the agriculture, the trade, the civil and social order, which makes the bananas possible, which protects them and theirs from wrong, without which, indeed, they would be struggling for food in tropical forests, in competition with parquets and monkeys. It will not quite do to ask if they want to work; they ought to work, and this "ought" is something much more important than that easy "want." Up to the average of the work done in San Lazaro, or Santa Tabitha, or whatever other city of Brazil is their home, they must work, if there is to be any fair living, or any just social order there.

And at bottom, what we mean by a commonwealth, or a republic — and one word is a precise translation of the other — is that every man and every woman shall lend a hand in the common prosperity. No individualism of the richest shall defy this law, and no laziness of the poorest shall escape it.

One system, and it is undoubtedly the simplest, arranges that one man, called a despot, or one set of men, called an aristocracy, shall tell all the others what to do, and shall make them do it. If these rulers can put on plate armor, so that when they kill the others, the others cannot kill them, that will make it easier. Or there is another form of the same plan, which was worked to its very best in Paraguay, hard by Brazil. In this plan the aristocracy knows more than the people it directs, and thinks better; and keeps the knowing and the thinking in its own power. This is what we tried in our Southern States; and there the knowers and the thinkers took the additional contract, as our national proverb says, of governing the whole nation at the same time for sixty years. In Paraguay this experiment was tried under the very best auspices. For there is no evidence that the Jesuit aristocracy there was cruel or unkind to the people whom they directed. But it happened, one fine day, that the aristocracy was broken down by a power it could not disarm, and then it appeared that the puppets they had pulled to and fro could not strike a blow for their masters, and yet hardly knew how to live without their masters. This system of subordination had reduced them to a merely animal condition of existence. Their thinking had been done for them, and they could not think. They had not been permitted to learn, and they did not know. The utter failure of this system is reason enough for rejecting it. But, more than this, in Brazil, as in the United States, such a system is no longer possible.

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No! we must see that these people care for themselves, and the sooner we do it the better. Let us excite their pride, if we can; their ambition, where we can; and show them, in whatever way, that their condition can be improved if they themselves will take hold to improve it. Their religious teachers probably have some hold upon them. Probably these religious teachers have a little more intelligence and purpose than the rest. Let them be encouraged in whatever way and

by whatever example to quicken the sluggish and selfish into more active and resolute life. Then a great deal can be made of the central truth involved in the new political relation. They have been freed because they have the same rights with white men. If they have the same rights, and are in the same condition before the law, they have the same responsibilities and duties. There will be leaders among them who can be encouraged and taught to lead well. It is pleasanter, and sometimes easier, to lead well than to lead badly. A frank recognition of such powers as they have, and of the position in which they are, will be a hundred times as useful for their real advance as any condescending instruction from above, below, or any mean effort to retain by craft the power which constitutional changes have taken away.

Nor let any man sigh when he sees new tastes, and even artificial or conventional longings, establishing themselves where there was nothing but animal appetite. A wise observer in Louisiana said that he saw his first ray of hope when he found a four-legged table in the cabin of some laborers who had been content till then to eat their food without such convenience. A four-legged table is not a necessity, nor is a chair, or a fork, or a ribbon, or a shoe, or a glove. But it has proved in history that the men and women who had come to regard such accidents as necessities, have at the same time come to be the people most certain to have them. The attribute of man most distinct and certain is that he commands Nature. Herein he differs from beast and bird. He can use her at his will. He can create, as a child of God should do. Now the more of this business he has to do, the better for him, and as a step towards doing great things in such lines, we must encourage him to do small ones. So we will encourage him to make a table for his cabin, while he and his are getting ready to throw a bridge across the Amazon. It may be that to our experienced eyesight his taste in ribbons or in ornaments may be fawdry and mean. But it is better to hope for something than to hope for nothing. It is better to make



an effort to get a garish bit of ribbon, than it is to lie in the sun without effort and without life.

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It is impossible yet to say what are the inherent capacities of this African race. Heaven knows it seems never to have had a fair trial. In the Asiatic races we have always expected subtlety, imagination, a certain willingness to see the invisible, and there is no organized religion in the world but was born in Asia. In the European races we have come to look for a certain organizing power, for the physical force which depends upon such organization, for certain brute victories, not always tender, as of Alexander's armies and the Roman legions; and in later times we have found the comprehensive and constructive ability which builds up workshops, organizes the men who work in them, and thus controls the manufacture of the world. But in Africa, outside Egypt, we have thus far found neither the subtlety out of which letters, philosophy, and religion grow, nor this constructive ability which sends Japhet to live in the tents of Shem, and range through the forests of Ham as well. Still there seem to be in the African races qualities which are not mean, even in comparison with mental subtlety or physical force. Certainly this love is something which has bound millions of slaves to masters not always tender. Certainly there is a loyalty in the obedience with which they have served masters not always considerate. Do we not see, even in the rude reaching forth to a higher life, in which the new freedmen make their endeavors, that the divine instinct of "together" possesses them as it has not possessed the men of what are called superior races. Is it possible that we shall find that their loyalty shows itself in their steadiness to a common cause, and that their tenderness reproves that selfishness which is the ruin of social order? If we do find this, the institutions of a republic will be as safe in their hands as in those of races more given to intellectual subtlety, or more determined on selfish gain.

## THE EFFECT OF HUMANE EDUCATION ON THE PREVENTION OF CRIME.

A PRIZE ESSAY BY N. P. GILMAN.

IN considering what effect humane education may have in diminishing the amount of crime, one naturally inquires, at the outset, whether or not criminal transgressions of the law of the land are increasing in civilized countries. The tendency among special students of charities and correction is very plainly toward a belief in an increase in crime of our own country out of proportion to the growth of the population. Mr. F. H. Wines, whose high standing as a specialist in this field is well known, expresses "the conviction that, judging by the number of commitments, year by year, to our penitentiaries and State prisons, crime has increased in the United States, relatively to the population, since the war, by not less than one-third." He makes allowance for greater accuracy in taking the census of recent years, but he discovers an increase in the ratio of prisoners to the population from 1 in 3,448 in 1850, to 1 in 855 in 1880. In Massachusetts the total population increased 79 per cent. in this same period of thirty years, but the prison population increased 196 per cent. This apparent growth in crime is not due to the foreign-born element, for, in 1850, there was 1 native prisoner to every 1,267 of the population, and in 1880 this ratio had risen to 1 in every 615. In this time the native population had increased 61 per cent., but the number of native prisoners had increased 233 per cent. The enormous growth of cities and large towns in the present generation has undoubtedly had much to do in multiplying the number of criminals. The ratio of this class to the total city population, according to the latest census, was "two-and-a-fourth times as great as in the country at large."

The unreliability of figures is notorious. They are incapable of lying themselves, indeed, but their witness is often misunderstood or perverted. If we confine our view to our own country, which we know best, I incline to believe that large qualifications should be made in the conclusions drawn from the figures cited. The census becomes more exact with each decade, and offences previously neglected by the authorities are made penal by a legislation which steadily increases in strictness. But, making all reasonable allowance for growing accuracy in the enumeration and diligence in the detection of criminals, we are forced to believe that there is an increase in crime which is still left unaccounted for. This increase is a stain upon our Christian civilization — and no efforts to wipe it out can be too early, too vigorous, or too persistent.

We review the list of possible methods of repression or prevention of the growing evil, and we soon come to the conclusion that we already have legislation enough, and that jails and prisons and policemen are sufficiently numerous. The policy of repression of crime by punishment is old and familiar, and it is still in vigor. Granting its due room and proper office, modern men are coming to rely more and more upon methods for *reforming* the criminal. But to reformation, as well as to punishment, the old proverb on the ounce of prevention and the pound of cure applies. It is better to reform than to punish merely. But *right formation* is better even than the most careful *reformation*. Crime is mental and moral disease. As we do well to rely on hygiene for the health of the body, rather than upon medicine, so likewise we shall best treat mental and moral disease by the hygiene of the mind and heart. This is education in the broadest sense of the word.

The wisdom of this course is evident when we consider the statistics of crime which are the most specific and the least likely to lead to erroneous conclusions. Education is a process especially associated with youth rather than with maturity. Now, the youthfulness of a large part of the criminal class is forcibly shown by these statements: "The average age of

prisoners in the United States is 29 years and 7 months; a little more than a fourth are under 23 years; rather more than a third are under 25; and more than one-half are under 28." To the same effect, but more specific, are the figures of the Rev. H. L. Elliot, an English clergyman, quoted by Mr. L. Gordon Rylands.\* Out of 1000 prisoners examined by the Rev. Mr. Elliot, 395 were between the ages of 9 and 20, and 339 between 20 and 30, at the time, not of their first offence, but of their first conviction. His table shows not only that 734 prisoners out of 1000 were under 30 years of age, and that "the largest number of first convictions occurs between the ages of 9 and 20," but also "that the ages of 15, 16, 17, 18, and 19 seem to be those at which boys and girls are most exposed to temptation, and most easily led astray by it." Youth is the time of life at which reformation is most easy, and, before that, education most efficacious. "The youth of the great majority of those detained in prison," Mr. Wines may well say, "ought to be regarded as an incentive and an inspiration to more earnest efforts for their reformation." Still more incentive and inspiration to exhaust every preventive power of *education* should we draw from the fact, shown in the Rev. Mr. Elliot's table, that the largest section of prisoners (395 out of 1000) were under 20 years of age at the time of their first conviction. Many of these were probably guilty of other offences previous to conviction at this early age.

To education, then, we turn as the best means of opposing "the rising tide of crime." But no mistake could well be greater than to think that the only education needed to prevent crime is the training of the intellectual powers. It is true, of course, that the great majority of criminals can neither read nor write, as statistics gathered in this country and in England show. It is true that an elementary education would have so quickened the minds of some of these illiterates that they would have calculated more wisely the consequences of their bad actions, and thus have been withheld

\* "Crime: Its Causes and Remedy." By L. Gordon Rylands, B. A. London, 1889, p. 37.

from committing them. Professor Bain, writing as a psychologist, says: "We must suppose, what is probably true of the criminal class generally, a low retentiveness for good and evil, the analytic expression of imprudence, perhaps the most radically incurable of all natural defects." But, very evidently, the education which is to have a direct effect in restraining from crime must be that which aims, first and foremost, at inducing *habits* of action, at forming the *practice* of youth.

The specific training needed to keep a boy from turning out a forger or a murderer is more analogous to industrial training in the use of tools than to intellectual training in the use of books. A knowledge of geography has surely no direct tendency to produce honesty, nor will an acquaintance with Latin infallibly make its possessor peaceful! Industrial education looks to fitting the boy for practical life by training his hand and eye. It comes much nearer than book training to immediate influence upon moral practice, and as it extends we may justly hope for a decrease in crime, much of which is occasioned, primarily, by ignorance of some industry that will supply bread. The formation of right social habits is not, however, the declared object of industrial training; it is the object of *moral* training, wherever this is carried on, at home, at school, or in society at large. While we may not claim that an extended intellectual education will decrease crime otherwise than indirectly, though this indirect influence may be powerful, and while the influence of industrial training may be still more efficient, since industry is one of the virtues, we come to the centre when we pronounce the words MORAL EDUCATION. Such instruction would give to intellectual and industrial training an ethical quality, so far as they will bear it, and supplement them with moral teaching, stimulus to good will and discipline in virtuous habit.

Humane education — training in kindness to dumb animals, and the suppression of cruelty to man or beast, in all its forms — is the one department of moral training which we are here to consider, especially in its effects on the prevention of crime. Let us look first at the better treatment of

animals which we may expect as the result of the present wide interest in their welfare, without regard to its bearing upon crime.

The societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals and for humane education are one of the evidences of a progressive Christianity, of which we are properly most proud at the present day. They indicate an increasing thoughtfulness and a deepening refinement of feeling, which are the surest tokens of a moral civilization. Candor has often obliged Christians to admit that the general practice of so-called "Christian" countries does not bear comparison throughout with the treatment of animals in some of the so-called "heathen" lands. Mohammed's followers are noted for their kindness to brutes, and nothing has more impressed Christian missionaries to Buddhist countries than the gentleness universally shown to all animals. In Japan, just now, for many reasons, the most interesting to us of Oriental lands, Professor E. S. Morse tells us that if one picks up a stone to throw at a dog, the dog does not run, because he has never had stones thrown at him, and therefore does not know what the action means. The amiable Japanese will even turn out of their way, on foot or in a vehicle, to avoid disturbing a sleeping dog! We Christians have much to learn yet from such heathen! But within the limits of Christendom there are races that can teach the English and American peoples to be ashamed of their treatment of some kinds of animals. The Russians, for example, show what kindness will do in dealing with horses. A recent traveller in that country has thus spoken of the horses and the driver that took him to Count Tolstoi's door: "The horses, three in number, were hitched abreast. They were splendid-looking animals, full of fire and spirit, and had 'go' in them, as I soon found out. \* \* \* The harness was as light as leather can be made; there were no blinders, for these intelligent animals needed nothing of that sort, and the driver carried no whip; his voice was enough. He could make those horses do anything he pleased merely by the different tones of his voice. \* \* \* The *Ishvoshick* [driver] all the while

had kept up a continual talk to the horses, they apparently understanding it all and answering by doing what he wished. Interpreted, his remarks would run about like this: 'Come, pretty pigeon, let go thy legs. Go swiftly, my beauty, and thou shalt have more oats than thine eyes have seen for a month. Thou art lazy to-day, thou son of my heart! Wilt thou freeze in thy tracks here, starveling? Look out for that stone there, little father. \* \* \* Now speed thee, oh kitten! for the passenger has promised me an extra rouble if thou makest haste.'

Contrast this kindly sociability with the Mexican practice of exposing horses blind-folded to be gored to death by angry bulls, a sight which sickened General Grant as a young man! We must be on our guard, indeed, against erecting kindness to animals into a complete test of general humanity. For, thus judged, "the unspeakable Turk" would stand higher than most Englishmen, as my Lord Bacon long ago pointed out in his "Essays." But even while cautioning us under this head, Mr. Lecky declares that "it is a very unquestionable and a very important truth that cruelty to animals naturally indicates and promotes a habit of mind which leads to cruelty to men; and that, on the other hand, an affectionate and merciful disposition to animals commonly implies a gentle and amiable nature."\* It is well for us, all deductions made, to consider carefully the habits of any people, Christian or non-Christian, that can teach us to be consistently mild and gentle to animals as to mankind. "By pureness and by kindness:" this was the method of commending himself which the great apostle of Christianity used, and a modern philosopher has thus emphatically stated the true Christian idea in this direction of conduct: "The animal has claims on man, and man has duties to the animal. Buddhism, no doubt, exaggerates this truth, but the Westerns leave it out of count altogether. A day will come, however, when our standard will be higher, our humanity more exacting, than it is to-day. *Homo homini*

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\* "History of European Morals," I., p. 306.

*lupus*, said Hobbes; the time will come when man will be humane even for the wolf — *homo lupo homo*.”\*

Our humane societies, we repeat, have done a great and noble work in educating and improving public opinion. Their good influence is visible in the legislation of our American States securing the more careful transportation of cattle, for instance, and making the docking of horses (in Massachusetts, at least,) a criminal offence; in the increasing condemnation by the thoughtful of the senseless check-rein and blinders; in the immediate rebuke which acts of cruelty to animals provoke in many of the older parts of our country; in the decided tone of the press, secular as well as religious, in the advocacy of kindness toward all domestic animals as the policy of prudence and goodness; and in the more constant attention to this matter in all directions which the much printing and much speaking of the advocates of our poor relations, in the last few years, have brought about. There is every reason in the American situation for encouragement to continue the work of these societies, and the more than seven thousand Bands of Mercy, with their half a million members. We native Americans are not cruel by nature. Professor Bryce, the ablest of all foreign observers, has lately said: “The Americans are a good-natured people, kindly, helpful to one another, disposed to take a charitable view even of wrong-doers. \* \* \* Nowhere is cruelty more abhorred. \* \* \* Cruelty to slaves was rare while slavery lasted, the best proof of which is the quietness of the slaves during the war. \* \* \* The instincts of the native farmer or artisan are almost invariably kindly and charitable.”

None the less, there is need of supplementing the work of these organizations by the most thorough *education* in the principles and the practice of kindness to animals. Let us glance briefly at the various possible agencies for humane education. First and foremost stands that best of all schools, the family. There is no field in which the fundamental virtue

\* “Amiel’s Journal,” translated by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. New edition, p. 124.



of kindness can be taught more insidiously, more persistently, and more efficaciously than in the family. Home life affords a hundred opportunities for the timely teaching of humanity by precept and by example, for one that is presented by the common school. It is very easy to give children object lessons in kindness to the family horse, dog, and cat. Little ones are interested in nothing more quickly than in tales of animal sagacity, and no books can be more wisely put into their hands than such as describe the good deeds of brutes, their remarkable instincts, and the sure way of attaching them to their owners. Teaching from the father or mother on these matters educates the teacher. The farmer tends to make the horse or the dog the scapegoat on which to vent the anger he controls himself enough not to vent on his workmen or his children. But if he has taught his boys and girls to be humane he will be constrained, in some degree, at least, to be mindful of his own precepts, and teach by example more forcibly than by word of mouth. He certainly will not suffer his cows to be worried, or his horses to be kicked and cursed, or the birds to be shot upon his farm, if he has simply an eye to the greatest return from them.

I consider it a matter of prime importance in humane education that the child in every home should have an animal pet of some kind, in order that it may give play to its natural liking for brute companionship, and be encouraged to unselfish kindness by having at least an opportunity. The house where not a dog or a cat will be tolerated by the parents is, so far, a poor home for a child. Significant is the fact that out of some 1000 convicts in our prisons who were questioned on this point only 12 had any animal pet in their childhood.

Children should not have pictures put before them in which the sufferings of animals are presented as food for laughter, as in recent atrocious wood-cuts of a cat squeezed flat in a letter-press, which a popular weekly published.\* The natural

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\* Parents should keep an eye on children's games, to make sure that there is no element of cruelty in them. Father Taylor, as a child, was so intent on playing "funerals" in proper order, that he used to kill little chickens to serve as corpses!

thoughtlessness which leads boys to stone squirrels, to rob birds' nests, and to kill harmless snakes or lizards, can be cured by inquiring what harm these creatures have done them, and reminding them of the golden rule of "Put yourself in his place;" but a still more effectual means is found in exciting and cherishing a rational curiosity as to the ways of life of the lower animals. The reading-books in schools should never omit some pointed lessons on the rights of animals and the beauty of kindness to them. These matters should be the frequent subject of conversation between teachers and scholars, and of "pieces" spoken by the girls and boys.

Sunday Schools have no more practical theme for lessons than this same kindly treatment of pets at home and other inoffensive animals.\* There is no organization they can more wisely foster than Bands of Mercy, with their pledge to be kind to the whole animal creation. The French practice of requiring such a pledge from children preparing for the first communion might well be imitated by American churches.

Thus, through direct instruction at home, in the day school, and in the Sunday School, we should persistently endeavor to educate the child to sympathy with dumb creatures, and to form habits of treating them kindly. We cannot be mistaken as to the natural and inevitable tendency of such a disposition of mind and conduct. "Kindness to animals," says the distinguished educator, Rev. Dr. E. A. Abbott, of London, "besides being a habit to be taught for its own sake, is no small help toward teaching kindness toward human beings." Children are best taught by example, however, and Dr. Abbott well adds: "Books and lectures on the duty of kindness may be of some use if they are joined with practice of some kind; otherwise, they are worse than nothing."

But education is not a word to be confined to school-rooms or the family circle, especially when we mean moral education. Inculcation of kindness to man and brute is one of the foremost offices of the preacher, Protestant or Roman Catholic;

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\*The eminent Sunday School pupil who never missed a Sunday, but could hang nine cats for fun, had evidently had no such instruction.

the "religion of humanity," in this sense, is a gospel ever needing proclamation. We should also be exceedingly watchful to see that legislation and fashion and the press and public opinion are often summoned before the bar of humane feeling, to make sure of right action and right spirit on their part. The law-makers are usually ready to pass all the additional enactments in the interest of humanity which philanthropists demand and public opinion supports. Legislation which affixes penalties to cock-fights, dog-fights, and contests in the prize-ring, has probably gone, on the whole, as far as the existing state of moral enlightenment in the general public makes advisable.

The newspapers here in America deserve more attention than the legislators. We have had, this last summer, a forcible example of the power of the press in fostering inhumanity. Two brutes, in the disguise of mankind, were preparing to pound each other nearly to death, if they could find a place remote from the officers of the law, where the formalities of the prize-ring could be observed. The duty of the press, in a country proud of its refined civilization and calling itself Christian, was obvious. The newspapers should have given as little attention to the whole matter as possible, carefully avoiding the fanning of public interest in the beastly business. On the contrary, a great many newspapers, of the largest circulation, devoted a great part of their space, to the exclusion of more valuable matter, to columns upon columns of reports of the preparations for the fight, and of the fight itself. Thus they did their utmost to sustain an interest which would have largely died away in the absence of artificial excitement of the public mind. They familiarized hundreds of thousands of susceptible minds with the revolting details of an exhibition of "fist-right," which could only tend to blunt the finer feelings of humanity. The brief paragraphs of perfunctory moralizing which followed the fight were no set-off to the long columns of animated narrative. The friends of humane education may console themselves, however, with the reflection that the course of these newspapers has received its proper

condemnation from a more self-respecting section of the press, and that its motive is generally understood. The "able editors" were not following their own preferences in the matter, but the publishers were anxious to keep the circulation of their papers even with their rivals! Thirty years ago the prize-fight between Heenan and Sayres excited much more general attention, and the improvement in the tone of the press since that time has been great.

There is no doubt that full reports in the newspapers of such degrading spectacles as cock-fights, dog-fights, and prize-fights come next in malign influence to actual attendance on them. Humane education means the abolition of such indecencies and cruelties, and until they are suppressed it demands that the smallest possible publicity be given to them. With the same intention private slaughter-houses are abolished, and animals are killed with less pain in large *abattoirs*; and attendance upon the execution of criminals is confined to the necessary few. Let inevitable cruelty to man or beast be as private as possible, is the sentiment of every wise educator, while he seeks to form the habit of kindness in the public.

Again, the thoughtless cruelty of women in following the fashion of wearing dead birds in their hats, and the more deliberate cruelty of scientific men in practising needless vivisections, deserve severe rebuke from the advocate of humane education, who realizes how potent are the forces of education outside the school-room, and how largely even the wars of nations proceed from the cruel habits and instincts of individuals.

Coming now to the point of the effect of all these varieties of humane education on the prevention of crime, we perceive at once that their influence must be indirect and diffusive, rather than direct and intense. Humane education goes to form a character averse to violence and cruelty, thoughtful, kindly, and self-controlled. It need not be said that the criminal classes are not recruited from persons of this disposition! Humane education, obviously, must be prominent in that "higher development of the moral sentiments through a

better and more effective moral and religious instruction and culture" which Dr. E. C. Wines ranks first and foremost among the three methods that he names for the prevention of crime. This prevention, he declares, rather than the moral cure of the guilty, is the supreme object of the studies and labors of the friends of humanity throughout the civilized world.

We cannot fail to remember that "crime" is a word of very extensive meaning, and to avoid the disappointment of too great expectations from the spread of humane education, we must distinguish offences with which it has a logical connection as a preventive from other offences upon which its bearing is not obvious. Crimes may be roughly divided into offences against persons and offences against property. "Violence" describes the first class, and "fraud" the second, in a general way. Now it is plain that training in kind treatment of animals can tend only very indirectly to diminish offences against property, through the general effect it has in improving the moral tone. These offences, "crimes of fraud," have greatly increased *among educated men* since 1873, as Dr. E. C. Wines declared in 1880, and as the reader of the newspapers of the day will be ready to believe: "Our prisons now contain more convicts of this class than ever before." Much of the supposed increase of crime of late years is in this direction. Crimes of violence are more common, Dr. Wines tells us, in the South and West, and these are more thoroughly repressed as the country becomes more thickly settled. Crimes of fraud are more common in the North and East.

"Crimes against property and crimes against the person are substantially in the ratio of three to one," the country through. We have a right then, to be specific, to hope for a diminution of crime through humane education chiefly in one quarter-section of its area, which includes crimes against the person, offences involving violence or cruelty. But here we have great reason for hopefulness. On this one line of the many on which we must ever be moving against the foes of human nature, the duty is clear, and the need imperative. The

"melancholy tendency of crime youthward," in recent times, shown in the fact that "more than a fifth of the inmates of our State prisons are mere boys, ranging from twenty years down to the child who has scarcely reached his teens," is a summons, most emphatic, to exhaust every resource that lies in education of the young. Crimes against the person are probably productive of far more intense and prolonged suffering than crimes against property, to the loss of which mankind has many ways of adjusting itself. Against violence and cruelty we erect institutions of repression, and multiply our criminal courts, our policemen, and our jails and prisons. But if we can take the youth of both sexes in the spring-time of life, and richly develop the quality of mercy in their hearts, and train them to habits of kindness to all living beings, we shall render superfluous much of the formidable enginery of repression.

Education is everywhere a *radical* remedy, going down to the roots of character. No kind of education has more of promise in it than training in the humanities, which looks first to the heart, out of which "are the issues of life," and then to the kind deeds which make life fair, and keep it sweet.

## JOSEPH THE SECOND.

BY GEORGE TRUMAN KERCHEVAL.

ONE of the most beautiful stories in the Old Testament tells of the love of Jacob for his son Joseph, and the mercy and kindness of this son to his brothers, who desired him put out of the way because they feared he might be more prosperous than they. To prevent this they were willing to make themselves murderers, but the counsel of one of them prevailed when he proposed to get rid of Joseph in another way: to send him from the country and then raise false reports about him, while they stood before the world as innocent men. This they did, yet Joseph released them when they became his prisoners, he saved them from death, and, more than all this, he forgave them. One is touched to better life by his noble and generous character. Did he live to-day, you think, you would delight to do him honor; yet here, in your own country, up in the Northwest, if you knew he lived —

“But it is impossible!”

You will concede that the character makes the man? Very well; then in our own country we have this Joseph, the Second; probably a descendant of the Israelite; a man of qualities as fine, ability as great, whose people have many of the laws and customs of the Israelites, but whose religion is that of Christ.

On the wall, here, hangs our grand old flag; one that has been through the fight for truth and justice. The dark spots upon it testify to the life given for a country's honor, and the ragged tears are the marks of bullets. It was the color-marker, proclaiming the holiness of freedom. Against it hangs the picture of Joseph the Second; note the broad forehead, keen eyes, firm lips, and you will not wonder that Colonel Bailey writes: “He is a fine specimen of manhood, tall, erect, agile, with bright, pleasing eyes, and a mobile

face, ready with smiles, yet earnest and thoughtful when occasion demands." This picture would be of more interest to a foreigner than to an American, because we hate to be confronted with even a shadowy suggestion of the suffering and wrong we have heaped upon a people, and Joseph represents the Nez Perces. The picture resembles that of many an unearthed bit of Egyptian sculpture, but this man came into being up among the beautiful mountains of Oregon. He says that his people knew no race but their own until somewhat over a hundred years since. They owned their land in common, as did the children of Israel, and as Jacob called Joseph to his bedside, and, dying, solemnly commanded his son to bury him in the land of his youth, so the leader of the Nez Perces called to him Joseph, saying: "My son, my body is returning to my mother earth, and my spirit is going very soon to see the Great Spirit Chief. My son, never forget my dying words. This country holds your father's body. Never sell the bones of your father and your mother." Joseph, pressing his hand, promised: "I will protect your grave with my life;" and he says: "My father smiled and passed away to the spirit land. I buried him in that beautiful land of winding water. I love that land more than all the rest of the world;" then, vehemently: "A man who would not love his father's grave is worse than a wild beast."

The people of Joseph, the Israelite were herders, so also are the people of this second Joseph; they raised their own food in the land of "winding water," and there their cattle grazed and multiplied; but soon men came to Wallowa who were envious of this prosperity, and, thinking them a weak people, easily overcome, began to steal from them and lie to them, telling them that the Government of this country had transferred their land to white people; but Joseph said: "An Indian respects a brave man, but despises a coward. He loves a straight tongue, but he hates a forked tongue. \*

\* \* In order to have all people understand how much land we own, my father planted poles around, and said: 'Inside is the home of my people, the white man may take the land



outside. Inside this boundary all our people were born. It circles around the graves of our fathers, and we will never give up those graves to any man."

The Governor of the Territory offered presents to Joseph, but he would accept nothing, thinking that afterwards the whites might take the land and declare the presents of the Governor to be the payment. Then representatives of this Government were sent to urge him to go upon a reservation and receive food and clothing, but he rejected such pauperism, saying:—

"I will not go. I do not need your help. You can keep your presents. We can pay for all we need; we have plenty of horses and cattle; we won't have any help from you; we are free to go where we please; we are content and happy if the white man will let us alone."

But soon the white man found gold upon the land. What could the Government do? These Indians would not come and be clothed, they insisted upon working and earning their own living, they would not sell their farms, they forbade white men to bring whiskey to their homes, they were an intensely religious people. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs publishes in his report: "They are brave, energetic, exemplary, and faithful; filled with a love of country; almost worshipping the high mountains, bright, flashing streams, and rich, fertile valleys; they have inherited and transmitted to their children a name for bravery, for truthfulness, and honor, of which they may indeed be proud." How could we excuse ourselves for stealing their homes? We most solemnly declare that the climate is too cold for them,\* though we know that they had been born and grown from youth to manhood and old age here, but "the extinction of Joseph's title to the land will be a matter of great gain to the white settlers in that country."† How about the health of white settlers in a cold climate to which they were unaccustomed? Probably this is the only instance in history where a people stooped to

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\* Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1877, p. 211.

† Report of the U. S. Commissioners, 1878.

a dastardly act, and hoped to excuse it or cover it by making believe they were ruled by sanitary principles. You will see in after years how this Government cared further for the health of the Nez Percés. Did this act of our representative affect us? Did we care? Where, then, were the men and women who constantly proclaim that all Indians are willing paupers? Did any man or woman among them raise hand or voice to help these Indians, who declined to allow this Government to either clothe or feed them, who begged to be allowed to work on, and gain their own livelihood by honest means?

Joseph says: "We had no friend who would plead our cause." So the people took from him Wallowa, the land of winding water, though he did not sign it away, and looks long in vain for one of our millions of people to help him, or plead his cause; and he cries to us: "Let me be a free man, and I will obey every law, or submit to the penalty. I only ask of the Government to be treated as other men are treated. I see men of my race treated as outlaws, and driven from country to country, or shot down like animals. We only ask an even chance to live as other men live. We ask that the same law shall work alike on all men. \* \* \* Suppose a white man should come to you and say, 'Joseph, I like your horses, and I want to buy them.' I say to him, 'No, my horses suit me; I will not sell them.' Then he goes to my neighbor and says to him, 'Joseph has some good horses. I want to buy them, but he refuses to sell.' My neighbor answers, 'Pay me the money and I will sell you Joseph's horses.' The white man returns to me and says, 'Joseph, I have bought your horses, and you must let me have them.' If we sold our lands to the Government, this is the way they were bought."

The agent sent for Joseph and said, "Your land has been opened to settlers;" then, immediately, "to guard against trouble," the agent applied for troops, "which request was complied with."\* If your next-door neighbor were told to turn over his estate to this Government, and immediately the War Department were to send a body of armed men to stand

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\* Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1887.

before his house, "to guard against trouble," it is quite likely that one could imagine what that word "trouble" would mean.

The general who commanded the troops who came to guard against the trouble showed Joseph the lands of other Indians, and told him he might go there, but Joseph answered :—

"No ; it would be wrong to disturb these people. I have no right to take their homes. I have never taken what did not belong to me. I will not now."

The general then ordered him on to the reservation, telling him that if he did not remove his people there within thirty days he would be considered at war ! The commissioners who came to tell Joseph that the country was too cold for him met in the church. What were the prayers they offered that day ? Did they not resemble the brothers of Joseph, the Israelite, for "are we not all children of one Father ?" asks Joseph. They met to cheat His children. They did not wait long. Joseph came riding at the head of his column of well-mounted men. When he had entered the church the commissioner began to compliment him, to make expressions of good-will, but Joseph knew, as he said afterward, "Good words do not last long unless they amount to something. I am tired of talk that amounts to nothing." So he startled the commissioners by "answering every salutation, compliment, and expression of good-will, in kind, and duplicating the quantity, exhibiting an alertness and dexterity in intellectual fencing that was quite remarkable."\* Further on the commissioner's admiration of Joseph breaks forth : "He is in the full vigor of his manhood, six feet tall, straight, well-formed, and muscular ; his forehead is broad, his perceptive faculties large, his head well-formed, his voice musical and sympathetic, and his expression calm and sedate ; when animated, marked and magnetic. 'He asked nothing of the President. He was able to take care of himself. He and his band were disposed to live peaceably ; they had suffered wrong, rather than do wrong. One of their number was wickedly slain by a white

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\* Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1877.

man during the last summer, but he would not avenge his death. But, unavenged by him, the voice of that brother's blood, sanctifying the ground, would call the dust of their fathers back to life, to people the land in protest of this great wrong.' The serious and feeling manner in which he uttered these sentiments was impressive." Nevertheless, the commissioner told him that the settlers would attack his people, and that the President would not interfere. Unless Joseph gave up the land, "he and his people would go to the wall as the weaker party."\* After Joseph and his men had left the church the commissioner sent word to the Secretary of the Interior that "Unless they should conclude to settle quietly within a reasonable time, they should be *forced* upon the reservation," which, translated, means, they must go or die.

Joseph asks for more time; he is trying to see some way out of this difficulty; he has never desired pauperism, and declares: "War can be avoided, and it ought to be avoided. I want no war. My people have always been the friends of the whites." He is told that if he does not go on the reservation at the end of thirty days he will be considered at war. What is he to do? The men of his tribe are brave, and any brave man would scorn such terms as these; yet Joseph tells them to wait, perhaps it can be settled some other way. "I had never sold my country, but I did not want bloodshed. I did not want anybody killed. I wanted to give my people time to gather their harvests. I said in my heart rather than have war, I would give up my country. I would give up everything. I would give up my father's grave rather than have the blood of white men upon the hands of my people."

While Joseph is pondering and planning, the commissioner writes to Washington, presenting a long list of our broken promises, our broken laws, and white men's depredations, and asks that these abuses be rectified, *because* Joseph's band will have more faith in the word of the Government, and want to go upon the reservation. But the commissioner suggests that

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\* Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1888.

the reservation be made smaller. This can be done as well as not, for no record of its boundary is yet accurate, as *it has not been surveyed*. He says to put all the Indians of Oregon on this same reservation. To appreciate this suggestion one must know that these different Indian tribes had been for years at war with one another; this literally means that the Indians will exterminate each the other, and the report ends, "This will be promoting the true and highest interest of the Indian." Four men have signed their names to this document, and it remains as an official record — a part of our history.

The whites had killed one of Joseph's men, and the settlers, fearing trouble would result, wished to force Joseph away from Wallowa. To save the lives of his people he agreed to go upon the reservation, but his young men were willing to fight "rather than be driven like dogs from the land where they were born." These people had always been at peace with the Government.\*

They had been told that all their horses and cattle were to fall into the hands of white men; added to this they were homeless and desperate. Joseph says: "It required a strong heart to stand up against this, but I ordered my people to be quiet and not begin war."

There is a story to the effect that Joseph passed through the village, a revolver in each hand, threatening to shoot the first man who started on the war-path. The day before they were to move upon the reservation a number of young men, who had resolved to die rather than go, started out to open a war on white settlers, and murdered some white men. Joseph acknowledged that his men began the war: "I know that my young men did wrong, but I ask who was first to blame? They had been insulted a thousand times, their fathers and brothers had been killed, their mothers and wives had been disgraced. The Nez Perces never make war on women or children; we would be ashamed to do so cowardly an act."

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\* Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1874. p. 54.

"The unfortunate war into which they were *driven* is far from being a blot upon their escutcheon, and all brave, high-minded people the world over will honor them for their gallant defense of their homes, their families, and their hunting grounds."\* "They made no war on women or children."†

We sent out in the field against them such generals as Howard, Gibbon, and Miles, and the Nez Perces understood so well the strategy of war that these generals used all their skill in vain for some time, but finally General Miles surprised their camp, and Joseph tells, "About seventy men, myself among them, were cut off. My little daughter, twelve years of age, was with me. I gave her a rope and told her to catch a horse and join the others, who were cut off from the camp. I have not seen her since, but I have learned that she is alive and well. I thought of my wife and children, who were now surrounded by soldiers, and I resolved to go to them or die. With a prayer in my mouth to the Great Spirit Chief, Who rules above, I dashed unarmed through the line of soldiers. It seemed to me that there were guns on every side, before and behind me. My clothes were cut to pieces, but I was not hurt. As I reached the door of my lodge my wife handed me my rifle, saying, 'Here is your gun. Fight!'"

After many were killed on both sides, Joseph was willing to surrender upon the terms that he should be allowed to return with his people to their homes, and keep what stock they had. One of the officers wrote at the time the exact message of Joseph, and it has been preserved in the records of the War Department: "Tell General Howard I know his heart. What he told me before I have in my heart. I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking Glass [a prominent Nez Perce chief] is dead. Too-hut-hul-sote is dead. The old men are all dead. It is the young men who say 'yes' or 'no.' He who led on the young men is dead. It is cold, and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. My people, some of them have run away

\* Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1882, p. 76.

† Bishop Whipple.

to the hills, and have no blankets nor food — no one knows where they are — perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children, and see how many of them I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the dead. Hear me, my chiefs! I am tired; my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more, forever."

General Miles, in his report to the Secretary of War, says: "Chief Joseph is a man of more sagacity and intelligence than any Indian I have ever met. He counseled against the war and against the usual cruelties practised. As these people have been hitherto loyal to the Government, and friends of the white race from the time their country was first explored, and in their skillful campaign have spared hundreds of lives and thousands of dollars' worth of property that they might have destroyed, and as they have, in my opinion, been grossly wronged in years past, have lost most of their warriors, their homes, property, and everything except a small amount of clothing, I have the honor to recommend that ample provision be made" for returning them to their country, and providing them with food and raiment. He further reports: "They are sufficiently intelligent to appreciate *the consideration which, in my opinion, is justly due them from the Government.*"

Joseph, in telling of the war, says: "We captured one white man and two white women. We released them at the end of three days. They were treated kindly; the women were not insulted. Can the white soldiers tell me of one time when Indian women were taken prisoners and held three days, and then released without being insulted? Were the Nez Perce women who fell into the hands of General Howard's soldiers treated with as much respect?"

Joseph also released other white captives, giving one a horse and telling him he was free. He found a young soldier on the battle-field; the man was his enemy and represented the people who had disgraced his women and robbed his people of their homes; he was dying, but Joseph even forgave his worst enemies, for he stooped, and, wrapping him in his



own blanket, tried to save his life, saying, "It is too bad for one so young to die in such a war." O my friends! had Joseph been other than an Indian you would have raised a monument to perpetuate in our minds his noble deeds, valor, and heroic kindness. We love the story of Joseph who forgave his brothers for thinking to slay him, for driving him from his father's home; we admire him for releasing them when they were his prisoners, for giving them back their lives. The story of both Josephs is much the same; the Israelite is a hero, but not more great a man than Joseph, the Nez Perce.

Now they were our prisoners, we refused to keep the terms upon which they surrendered, because a few settlers who held Wallowa did not wish Joseph back there. "When they surrendered to a superior force they did it in a most solemn manner, and under the most solemn promise of protection and a return to their own country. That that promise has not been kept is an historical fact, and never has been explained."\* To the American people Joseph sends this word: "I believed General Miles, or I would never have surrendered. I have heard that he has been censured for making the promise to return us to our country. *He could not have made any other terms with me at that time.*"

Instead of sending them to Wallowa, they were taken, men, women, and children, down the Missouri River in skiffs. Those dread winter nights the soldiers put sand in the bottom of the boats, and made fires to keep themselves warm, but the Indians were put on shore, to get along the best way they could; yet they who knew the country well, and might easily have escaped, kept their promise, and so went down into a death camp in Kansas. This Government, which had been anxious enough about their health to declare their native climate too severe for them, now put them where they had bad water to drink, and where "the bad effect of their location manifested itself in the prostration by sickness at one time

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\* Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1882.



of two hundred and sixty, out of the four hundred and ten, and within a few months they lost by death more than one-fourth of their entire number. A little care in the selection of a wholesome location near Fort Leavenworth would have saved much sickness and many lives."\*

Finally, the people who became incensed against the cruelties practised upon the Nez Perces, demanded their removal to the Indian Territory, so the troops took them there, but the agent reports more than half of them are dying.† The climate this time is, in truth, not good for them; it is too warm for people who have lived in the mountainous regions of Oregon. The tents in which they were placed were rotten, and when it rained the inmates were soaked through. The agent begs for lumber, that they may build houses; for agricultural implements, that they may cultivate the soil; for cattle, that they may raise stock, for they are a pastoral people, and seem to be natural herders. "They should be returned to their homes, they cannot get acclimated; they are the most intelligent, truthful, and truly religious people with whom I have come in contact; they are a hard-working, painstaking people, cleanly to a fault; so brave, good, and generous a people deserve well of their Government. Such a people should not be allowed to perish. They are Presbyterians. I am called upon to blush for my more favored white brethren, for, poor as these Indians are, they have volunteered forty-five dollars and are to build a house for their pastor, a native preacher. \* \* \* They are strict observers of the Sabbath, refusing to perform any labor on that day; they go to church twice a day, meeting in a tent in stormy weather, in the open air in pleasant weather. They are ready and willing to work and help themselves." The agent's appeal for help seems almost to have fallen on deaf ears. As General Miles says of the Indians, "the complainants would have had great weight with the Government had they been white men." In 1883 James

\* Report of the Physician in the Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1878.

† Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1880, 1881, and 1882.

Reubens was allowed to take twenty-nine of these poor widows and orphans back to their relatives and friends in Idaho, "provided that it would be no expense to the Government," but happily Congress did, in after years, provide for part of this expense. People had heard the sad story of these Nez Percés, the men of our army who were ordered to fight them became their firm friends, and used influence in their behalf, so that in 1884, after much persuasion, this Government allowed the Indians to once more turn their faces toward their beautiful mountains. Think of the joy and sorrow of these people as they journeyed back toward their homes, after nearly ten years of exile! Yet again the settlers who had sent them from Wallowa forbade their return, even sent word to our representatives that, should Joseph's band be sent back to Oregon, "they would take extreme measures against them."\* Again this Government bows its head to a few settlers, and Joseph is not returned to his home. Poor man! In his sorrow he cries: "It may never again be our home. My father sleeps there. I love it as I love my mother."

In Washington Territory, Colville Agency, where live other tribes of Indians, Joseph and his people are placed — near, yet far from their homes. These other men dispute Joseph's right to be here, and it must be with sad and heavy hearts that his people begin their homes. Think of their longings for the "beautiful land of winding water," ye who love your homes! Many of them are ill and dying. They need a hospital; they need a physician; they want a school for their children, a church wherein they may worship. You who are sheltered in homes and have much, what can you give to these from whom so much has been taken? As you read this Joseph and his people are "determining to improve their condition."† Noble and generous people will read this story of Joseph the Second. Who will be the first to lend him a hand?

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\* Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1885, p. LVII.

† Agent's Report.

## THE DIME NOVEL NUISANCE.

BY WILLIAM MCCORMICK.

AS APPLIED to the evils of modern civilization, Comte's dictum that nothing can be abolished till it is replaced has a peculiar force. The saloon problem will never be solved till the gilded gin-palace has been outrivalled. The menace of corrupt literature will never be rebuked till the pure and wholesome has been substituted for what is vile and debasing. These are but truisms, but, save in an abstract sense, they fail utterly of their due appreciation. The nation is crowded with ardent philanthropists, whose whole endeavor is to cut away, root and branch, the low drinking-houses where men love to congregate. But what have they to offer in their stead? Mayhap a prayer-meeting, replete with droned psalmtunes and unedifying exhortation. Possibly a literary club, where the hardened reprobate may be regaled and uplifted with selections from Browning and Marcus Aurelius. More often still the saloon-loafer's own hearthstone is held out as the one spot where his long evenings should be passed in lieu of the noisy bar-room—the dull, cold hearthstone of a cramped and squalid tenement.

There must be a more potent magnet than a stiff-starched prayer-meeting to draw the drunkard from his cups; so, too, there must be a more alluring bait than tract or testament to tempt the imaginative boy from his trashy romance. The social elements of the saloon need to be fitted to new conditions, that they may become instruments of blessing and not of bane. The lad's love for bravery and dare-deviltry has its natural sequence, in this enlightened age, in the dissemination of a literature that shall satisfactorily combine the exciting thrill of a true hero's life with the lesson that underlies all real heroism.

Our journals fairly bulge with records of the harvest of

flash literature in the shape of runaway school-boys, juvenile house-breakers, and baby bandits. Its evil tendency is enough to arouse the sympathy and indignation of good people the world over, and it is not for me to under estimate it. Yet I have no hesitancy in stating my belief that as many false ideas of life have emanated from the shelves of the Sunday School library as from the cheap book-stalls. Many a rough and ready street-boy has had his mind tainted by the perusal of a so-called dime novel, and by it been lured to a life of crime. But that same impetuous boy will, ten to one, be repelled and disgusted by the cant phrases and "pious talk" of the average Sunday School book. It is the repellant force of the latter no less truly than the attractive force of the former that stimulates an acute boyish mind to prefer a life of crime to one of virtue. I have no patience with the all too common philanthropy that would rob the dirty-faced urchin of his "Bald-eagle Bob, the Boy Buccaneer," and offer in its stead "Willie Russell's Sacrifice." This substitution of a stone for bread is an act of rank injustice to the dirty-faced reader. One who has been reared on *pate de foie gras* cannot easily descend to milk and gruel. And the Arab whose sensitive palate demands a murder or two in every chapter, will fall asleep before he has scanned a single page of the very mild adventures of the Widow Russell's guileless offspring. After his brief experience in the alcoves of the Sunday School, he will return to his mire with redoubled energy, and he indeed must be a subtle diplomat who can again induce him to wander from his favored haunts.

But the novel-reader's case is not irremediable. Of this a somewhat ample experience with street Arabs of the roughest and toughest class has convinced me. An inveterate novel-reader is vastly more susceptible to reform than his comrade of the gutter who despises books and readings. These street-boys are just as truly divided into classes of litterateurs and Philistines as the men of a higher social rank. I have known book-loving lads to spend whole days in the company of an impossible wild western hero in some sequestered nook of a back street, and, when dusk has given way to dark, I have

watched them crouch beneath a friendly street lamp, following, with bated breath and clenched fingers, the thrilling narrative to its end. But to their cronies this all-day reading would require a Herculean effort, a chapter of "Deadwood Dick" or of St. Mark's Gospel being equally a bore. Between these two classes I have had opportunity to judge, and I must declare every time in favor of the novel-heated lad. I do not hold that he is morally better. I make no such claim for the ethical influence of the dime novel. But I do claim that the docility and ductility of a book-loving boy, be his book what it may, far exceeds that of his Philistine brother.

In the course of a week I meet many a bright-faced news-boy or district messenger absorbed in the intricacies of a blood-bespattered plot. But I never shudder, as do some good souls, at the probability of his latter end. My only thought is a wish that that boy's inherent possibilities might be, as they so easily can be, availed of; not by an eradication of his imaginative tendencies, but by their diversion into new and untraversed paths. Until some more attractive book is placed in his hands, that boy has a divine right to his novel. It is with a true sense of justice that he may cry to one who preaches to him his sin: "You have taken away my gods, and what have I more?" I believe no worse method of cure could be attempted than to rob the inveterate reader of his "penny dreadful" and leave him empty-handed. It is scarcely less bad to attempt to strait-jacket him with vapid and tedious moral tales, as pernicious in their way as the direst narrative of blood-curdling adventure. But the transition from trash to the best literature is no difficult one, and it is here that lies the hope of reform. Dr. Schauffler cites E. P. Roe's novels as the best gate through which to lead a reader of vile stuff into the pure realm of letters. I have found that Dickens appeals easily to the hearts and imaginations of a big city's outcasts. I have seen "Wide Awake, the Robber Chieftain," sink into oblivion under the shadow of "Oliver Twist," and the interest of "A Tale of Two Cities" fully eclipse that of "Rosy Bosy Alice, the Prairie Sprite." An unsympathetic critic may suggest that one is as bad as another;

that Dickens's chaff will be consumed and his grain cast to the winds; that the blood and the crime and the sin will prove seductive, while the moral truth will be lightly swept away. To him, then, I must make answer that I have long ago abandoned the idea of the street-boy's total depravity. Beneath the raggedest jackets, and often beneath no jackets at all, I have heard such noble, honest hearts abating as to make me blush for the selfishness, the truthlessness, the meanness of the so-called higher classes. Loath as are these ragged, light-fingered vagabonds to swallow the wishy-washy drippings of your tract societies, and used as they are to applaud the bombastic bravado of the professional highwayman, there is in their breasts a recognition of true heroism that far outstrips their love of mere blood and thunder. A tatterdemalion may be infected by the pranks of the Artful Dodger, and carried away by the tale of the murderous Sykes; but, I ask, can he be less moved by the villain's terrible remorse? Or, again, will the fascination of the merciless revolutionists blot out the ineffably heroic martyrdom of Sidney Carton? Not if I have read boy nature aright.

It is not long since I heard a sixteen-year-old Irish lad, ragged, homeless, and all but friendless, indignantly reject a cheap novel that was offered to him by a companion, with the remark, "No, sirree; them books is too treacherous." I found him in the Boston Public Library a few hours later, absorbed in "Great Expectations."

One night last summer I read a carefully chosen volume to a group of little rowdies, who perhaps had never spent such a quiet three hours in their lives. It was a tale of street life in New York, told by a writer of boys' books, who, it seems to me, more than any author I have known, comes close to the heart of the newsboy and bootblack fraternity. I have never had so interested an audience. The book was a revelation to them, and beside it the tattered leaves that I saw nestling in a pocket or two seemed almost despicable. "It's the truest book I ever read," exclaimed one bright-eyed lad, who had, a few weeks before, left his home and his parents far behind, and

wandered off to attain the ideals portrayed in the flash literature over which he gloated. "That story goes right to my heart," was the comment of another little April-tempered chap, as I closed the book.

I wish that story, and others like it, had found permanent lodgment in both their hearts. The next time I saw the last-mentioned lad he was in a reform school, serving his penalty for theft. And it was but two days after my reading that the first boy was committed to prison for the commission of a most brazen bit of dishonesty.

My reminiscence does not point to the insincerity or the incorrigibility of these boys, both of whom were under fifteen. But it emphasizes, to my mind, their neglected possibilities. Both of them loved books. But the true and the good were far from their purses and their thoughts. The noxious and the vile were close at hand. For five cents they could revel all day long in an atmosphere of intense and unnatural excitement. Because there was none to lift them up they grovelled in the dust, and were content. It was the most natural thing in the world that they should stumble into the ditch.

I do not care to point a moral; but I have endeavored to emphasize a pregnant truth. If the ever-growing curse of corrupt fiction is to be exterminated, it is in the replacement of trash by wholesome books, that shall steer as clear of the Scylla of namby-pambyism as of the Charybdis of vice. It is not the production of a new class of literature that I urge; there are hundreds of such worthy books as I have indicated scattered through the land. But how near do they ever come to a ragamuffin's hands? Am I far wrong when I say that the Sunday School library, with its repugnant goody-goody-ness, and the dime novel repository, reeking with vileness, are the only literary collections to which he has easy access? And even with Dickens and Scott and Kingsley within easy reach, can we blame the novel-fed enthusiast for choosing "Old Sleuth" and "Peter Pad," unless he be taught, as with tact and patience he *can* be taught, that in the former, and not in these others, lies the real — I speak reverently — bread of life?

## REMOVAL OF THE SOUTHERN UTES.

IN the February *Atlantic* appeared an account of the removal of the Cherokees from Georgia in 1838, the injustice and cruelty attending it, and the woful suffering which has fallen since, like a retribution, upon the land thus unrighteously torn from its owners. The story is entitled "A Forgotten Episode," and it is well that it should be recalled now, when Congress is tempted to a similar iniquity, and has actually before it a bill for the removal of the Utes from good arable land in Colorado, which is their very own, to wild hunting land in Utah, where nobody wants them, where they can live only by the chase—if, indeed, the present occupants suffer them to live at all—and which they have been badgered into accepting chiefly for the bitter reason given by one of their head men, that the new lands are so miserable that they can never be asked to move again.

Mr. C. C. Painter, the indefatigable agent of the Indian Rights Association, has drawn together the facts and arguments in this cruel case, and we give his paper almost entire.

IN discussing the question of the removal of the Southern Utes from the State of Colorado, it will be assumed that they are to live somewhere, and are not to be exterminated; that they have a right to live on the lands which they now occupy; that the rights of their white neighbors are no greater than they would be if the title to these lands inhered in white citizens.

It will be assumed, also, that it is the policy and purpose of the general Government, as speedily as possible, to break up the tribal relations of these Indians, substitute a personal title to a homestead for a tribal interest in a reservation, and bring them under the laws of the State in which they reside as self-supporting citizens, rather than perpetuate their present anomalous condition of dependent wards of the general Government. All reasons, therefore, for their removal should be tested by the probable effect such removal would have upon this purpose.

It will be assumed, also, that, inherently, Colorado has no valid claim to an exemption from whatever burden the presence of these people imposes upon the community in which



they happen to be located, and may not, therefore, rightfully demand that, at great expense to the National Government, and with undoubted loss to the Indian, another State or Territory shall accept the burden from which she secures exemption.

#### WHAT ARE THE FACTS?

The Southern Utes, some nine hundred and fifty in all, are now living upon a part of their original lands, under an agreement ratified by Congress in 1880, which, greatly reducing their boundaries, entitled them to allotments in severalty of "an abundance of good agricultural land," "with horses, wagons, agricultural implements, and stock cattle for their reasonable wants;" also, "such saw and grist mills as may be necessary to enable them to commence farming operations," and their *pro rata* share of perpetual annuities amounting to seventy-five thousand dollars, and schools for the education of their children, in addition to the provisions of previous treaties for food and clothing.

Their reservation, lying in the southwestern corner of Colorado, is one hundred and ten miles long by fifteen miles wide, and is described by the commissioners who negotiated an agreement with them for its surrender, as traversed by various rivers, and "containing about three hundred and fifty thousand acres of rich farming land, which can be irrigated from the above streams at but small expense."

There is no question as to the *quantity* or *quality* of their land being adequate to the needs of these people. There is no question as to their right to hold it as their own. On the other hand, *it is well known that no agent in charge of these people since the arrangement of 1880 has been furnished the means promised in that agreement to carry out its provisions.* The citizens of Durango, in urging their removal, say that it was fully understood, when their town was laid out, and they invested in property there, that the Utes were to be removed.

Three years after their removal the agent asked for farming implements and seed for five Indians, and received two hundred dollars in June, too late to do anything that season. In

1885 the agent reports: "Three hundred acres under fence, and two hundred and fifty under cultivation. A few have done well in farming."

In the second article of the treaty of March 2, 1868, the United States "solemnly agree that no persons, except those herein authorized so to do, and except such officers, agents, and employes of the Government as may be authorized to enter upon Indian reservations in discharge of duties enjoined by law, shall ever be permitted to pass over, settle upon, or reside in the territory described in this article, except as herein otherwise provided." Article 5 of the agreement of 1880 provides that the provisions of that treaty, not specifically altered, shall remain in full force, and yet the agent reports in 1881, "that the survey, construction, and operation of the D. & R. G. R. through some fifty miles of the reservation, without any 'amicable arrangement' being made with the Indians, as ordered by the Secretary of the Interior, added to more or less trespassing on every side, and the constant talk of removal \* \* \* has kept these Indians in a constant state of excitement."

Article 8 of the treaty of 1868 bound the Government "to supply and support a school for every thirty children of school age that could be induced to attend," and made it "the duty of the agent to see to it that this stipulation be complied with to the fullest extent possible." Article 4 of the agreement of 1880 bound the Government "to establish and maintain schools in the settlements of the Utes, and make all necessary provision for the education of their children."

In 1885 a school-house was built, but authority was not given to open a school until the next year. In November last there were seven children in the school, three of them white. The walls of the dormitory were propped up on all sides with long poles, and the teacher was in constant dread lest the building would collapse and kill the children.

When the honorable commissioners who negotiated the agreement now pending, for the removal of these Utes from these valuable lands, say "that it is beyond human reason to

believe that it will be long permitted to remain under the control of a people who only cultivate at most six hundred acres, and do most of that by renting their farms to Mexicans"—thus conceding the legitimacy of the argument that when the owner of property does not make what his neighbors think the best use of it, if that owner be an Indian it should be taken from him—we need to remember that the manifest interest these people had, when removed, to begin an effort at self-support, was effectually killed by the failure of the Government to fulfill the pledges it had made to them in furnishing them the facilities and opportunities for prosecuting such effort, or to protect them against aggressions which made such effort impossible.

It is not competent for this commission, voicing the demands of those who require the removal of these people, to say that the Utes can never be taught, nor induced, to make good use of these lands until they have shown that an honest and exhaustive effort has been made, under such conditions as the Government pledges itself to supply, to do this.

#### REASONS ASSIGNED FOR REMOVAL.

Aside from the fact that these Indians are not making a profitable use of these lands, what are the reasons assigned for their removal? 1. The shape of their reservation is such, long and narrow, that it lies in the way of travel, and is a bar to free communication between the whites north and south, and renders it impossible to keep the white man off the reservation, or protect the Indian from contact with his white neighbors. Manifestly the answer to this is (*a*) that an allotment of land to the Indians in severalty, such as is provided for in the general severalty law—such as is required by the agreement of 1880—would abolish the reservation, which has not in the past proved a sufficient barrier to keep out the railroad, and that the Indian farm will prove no more formidable barrier to travel than would the same farm in the ownership of a white man; and (*b*) that, unless the settlers in Colorado are exceptionally bad men, which is not conceded,

this contact with them, so much dreaded by these commissioners, is just what the intelligent friends of the Indian desire and seek for him, and therefore the peculiar shape of the reservation is deemed by them extremely fortunate. Immediate contact and identity of interest with civilized white settlers is what is hoped for under the policy now being carried out in the allotment of lands in severalty, and is sought for by those who hope for the civilization of these people.

2. A second reason urged for this removal is that there is no longer any game on these present reservations, while the region to which they are to be removed abounds in deer. This fact was pressed upon the Indians with great persistency by the commissioners, and when the privilege of hunting over the La Sal Mountains, lying outside their proposed reservation, was also given, their consent was at last gained.

The answer to this is that it seems ill-advised — as certainly it is a great surprise that it should have been done by representatives of the Government — at this day to encourage the Indians to leave lands valuable for agricultural purposes, and go to those which offer opportunities, as they also impose the necessity, of living by the chase.

It has been the complaint made against these people in the past that they have shown but little disposition to cultivate land, but were mere hunters. This disposition to roam after game has been deemed one of the most obstinate difficulties to overcome in our efforts to civilize the Indian, and now, when, by reason of the disappearance of game, this has become a precarious, and soon will be an impossible, means of support, the Government spends months in persuading a band of Indians to abandon lands admirably adapted to agriculture, because there is no game on them, and go to others where agricultural pursuits are impossible, because there are yet a few deer to be found. This is the view urged by the commissioners, and finally accepted, reluctantly, by the Indians, and it remains for Congress to say whether it shall nullify its own action, and while it is making appropriations to carry on an effort to civilize its wards elsewhere, will

make it necessary for these people to go back to a hunting life.

3. A third reason for exchanging their present lands for those to be given them in Utah is that the latter are adapted to hunting, while the former are so situated that the Indians cannot keep their herds from trespassing on the lands of white men, thus causing constant feuds; nor can they protect their lands from the intrusions of the herds of white neighbors. It is also asserted that herding is a necessary and primary occupation for savages, that they must be herders before they can become agriculturists.

If it is the design of the Government to place the Indians in a country where they must herd — agriculture being impossible — this proposed reservation has been wisely chosen. Of its three million acres of land, there are not more than four or five hundred acres that can be irrigated, not including the valley of the San Juan. What can be done there depends upon the liberality of Congress. The Mormons have worked at the problem for a number of years, have expended, according to Bishop Hammond, one hundred thousand dollars in the attempt to irrigate from that stream, but the effort, Dr. Childs, one of the commissioners, says, is "a failure."

The settlements attempted along that river have been for the most part abandoned, and the settlers would gladly take pay for their improvements.

Between the Blue Mountains and the Colorado line is a dry valley, which, with an abundant supply of water, would be valuable for agriculture, but it is a barren desert, without a drop of water that can be used for irrigation. Flowing from the Blue Mountain to the northwest is Indian Creek, which can be made to irrigate some ninety to one hundred and twenty-five acres. Flowing toward the south and southeast from the mountains, are the North and South Montezuma, along which are some valuable lands, but there is water for only about three hundred acres. These streams drop into box canons, and disappear in the sands for the greater part of the year. To the southwest is Recapture Creek, which furnishes water for the headquarters of a cattle company, but

not for irrigating purposes. To the north is Hatch's Run, which is near the northern line of the proposed reservation. It flows from a spring and makes a wet place of a few acres, but furnishes no water for agricultural purposes.

Excepting the San Juan River on the south, which the Mormons have failed to control after a long and expensive experiment, these are the only waters for irrigating purposes on this land after the snow has melted. If the Indians are removed to it, they must, *perforce*, become herders, for their opportunities for agriculture would be small indeed. Allotted farms for the tribe here would be an impossibility. If brought here they must continue to be a *tribe*, holding tribal lands. They must continue to be nomads, following tribal herds over tribal ranges, and this just at a time when the cattlemen all over the country agree in saying that the day of large herding is coming to a close; that herding as an exclusive pursuit cannot be made profitable; that cattle must be raised on farms which are devoted to a variety of products.

The assertion that the Indian must become a herder before he can become an agriculturist is a mere assertion, and is without shadow of proof, and is in the face of all the facts touching the progress of Indian civilization. The Navajos, it is true, are rich in herds, but in nothing else pertaining to a civilized life, and it is almost impossible to reach them with schools or missionaries, because of their nomadic habits.

4. But the chief reason for this removal is that these Indians are a burden upon the town of Durango and a bar to its progress. That the lands they occupy, but do not use, are needed; that they (the Indians) are much crowded upon by the whites, and that their removal would remedy all these evils, give them a home not coveted by white men, where their presence would injure no one.

If the only interest to be considered is that of the white man; if those who are to decide the question of this removal are charged, not with an effort to civilize the Indian, but to "boom" real estate in Durango, and satisfy the exclusive claim of Colorado, that she shall be free from the burden of

an Indian population, then this reason ought to have controlling weight.

But while Durango seeks this relief it should be remembered that there are others, whose interests seem to them as much worthy of consideration, who most earnestly protest against this removal, and it seems to them hardly just that those who settled down by those Indians, knowing they had a right to their lands, should be relieved at their expense, when they established their homes and built up their interests where they had no right to expect there would be any Indians located. More than eight hundred petitions from that part of Colorado bordering on the new reservation, and from Utah, protest against this removal as threatening them with the same burdens and dangers of which those complain who favor this removal.

The valuation of herds (cattle and sheep) on this proposed reservation which must, at great loss, be removed and disposed of, aggregates more than one million one hundred thousand dollars. The cattle and horse interests jeopardized by the hunting privileges given the Indians on the La Sal mountain system are nearly six hundred thousand dollars. There are in the La Sal some two hundred taxpayers whose property will be injured by the vicinage of these Indians if they are removed.

There are, beside, in the county in which this land lies, in the bounds of the reservation one hundred and ten taxpayers, whose property is valued at two hundred sixty-nine thousand and sixty-nine dollars, on which they pay three thousand one hundred and sixty-eight dollars, all of which is not simply jeopardized, but destroyed. Excepting those on the San Juan River, whose efforts to make homes have proved disastrous, these citizens protest against the bringing into their midst of these Indians.

The Territory of Utah, as represented by its official head and its General Assembly, protest also against this as a wrong to be inflicted upon that Territory to gratify Colorado.

Briefly stated, the case is simply this: It is proposed, at a



large expense to the general Government for present arrangement, and for permanent future support and military police control, to gratify a part of the people of Colorado, at the expense and against the protest of another portion of her people, as well as of those of Utah, to remove the Utes from these confessedly good lands, which belong to these Indians, and on which they could, without great expense, if the Government will fulfill its treaty obligations, be made self-supporting citizens, to a country in which this can never be done — to a country which is by nature adapted, in the language of an army officer who is well acquainted with it, “only to be the hiding-place of renegades and outlaws.”

It is claimed that the Indians are anxious to go, and their wish should be gratified. It is conceded that they are desirous to do so, but their consent was gained only after months of badgering and persuasion, and after the chiefs were bribed. Seldom has the Government so expended, almost to exhaustion, its power to cajole, badger, and persuade, as it did in this case, through its commissioners, before reluctant consent was given, and now the reason assigned by the Indians for wishing to go is that they escape thus the necessity of becoming civilized, and have opportunity to be Indians. This is a fact, but one which should have little weight as influencing Congress to ratify this agreement.

The leading chief, so far as intellect and progress is concerned, said, when he finally gave his consent: “The reason you say it is a good idea for the Utes to go to the Blue Mountains is because it is a *desert*; but, all the same, we are willing to go if you will give us what you say. It does not make any difference if we do not farm. Afterward, too, if we make a treaty with you, we have nothing to say. Here you cannot come and say we have a mighty good country to farm in. There you will not have to say, ‘Get out of here, Utes, you have got too good land!’ No other commissioner will have to say *that*. That is the reason I say now, and all the Utes say, that we will take the land.”

The pathos of this will be felt alone by those who read the



report of the Commission, and see what a brave and persistent and intelligent fight he made for his home until he concluded that it was useless: that the Government was fully determined to remove him and his people.

The commissioners who made the treaty may congratulate themselves on their success in managing unwilling Indians, and the people of Colorado that they secure to them a valuable tract of land adapted to the needs of civilized white men, and those who believe in the Indian as he has been, a savage, living a savage and useless life, that they have secured to those people the opportunity, as they impose upon them, if this arrangement shall be carried out, the necessity, of their continuing to be savages; but those charged with the duty of civilizing these people should hesitate long before they consummate an arrangement which will defer for generations any chance to move these people along such lines as they must follow who become civilized.

It should also be borne in mind that this proposed reservation is already occupied by a band of renegade Piutes, who have so far defied all efforts to bring them under the control of the Government; who are described, both by the white settlers and the army officers of that Department, as savage cut-throats. Already there has been a fight between them and a band of the Southern Utes (Marianas), who have been in the Blue Mountains on a hunting expedition. Lack of ammunition, on the part of each band, alone prevented a bloody battle. Hatch, one of the Piute chiefs, and two Utes, Cowboy and the Kid, were killed, and their bodies were by the side of the road two days after the fight, when the writer of this article passed through that country.

To remove these Indians to this country is to place them in contact and undoubted collision with these renegades as contestants for its possession, and in conflict with the cowboys, both of the Blue Mountains and of the La Sal, for grass. The hunting privileges accorded them in the seventh article give, in addition to the hunting privileges which they now have on the Dolores and San Miguel,—out of which have come many

collisions with the whites, with much loss of life, and much expense to the State of Colorado and the War Department — the right to hunt over the La Sal Mountains, now occupied by herders and ranchmen, many of whom have acquired titles to their lands, a title they had no reason to believe would ever be clouded by any such rights as are by this article given to the Indians.

No sane man can for a moment doubt that by such a move as this the Government invites and makes certain a war of extermination. Fair warning has been given already by the cowboys and old Indian fighters that "the protection of the military will be needed;" "that the La Sal system will be sprinkled over with the noble red men, their toes turned up to the breezes of the Pacific," and that they "will make, within a few months, more good Indians than all the commissioners and missionaries have been able to make so far."

The commissioners assured the Indians that within this territory the Government had absolute possession of every foot of the land, and the Indians, last November, were confident that no miners, ranchmen, cattlemen, or Mormons would have any interest in it. But it appears "that there are three hundred and thirty *bona fide* miners and claim-owners in lawful possession of valuable mines, machinery, and other property, honestly obtained, under sacred guarantees of Congress under the mining act of May, 1872," and the bill to ratify this agreement protects these interests, which the Indians do not believe have any existence under the agreement they made.

To the other large expenses which must be met, if the Government executes this cruel demand of Durango, there must be added a sum sufficient to build and maintain a military post in the very centre of this reservation.

The only possible point for this is near the Double Cabin, now headquarters of the Carlisle Cattle Company, where there is water for a four-troop post, and no more. This would subtract from the available agricultural land of these Indians about one-fourth of the entire amount.

Upon no theory of economy for the Government, of honest

and fair dealing with vested rights of white citizens, of justice to the Indian, or hope of his civilization, can this removal be justified. It can be done alone by remitting such considerations to the limbo of disregarded things, and acting with reference to the clamor of those who demand that their own selfish interests shall be secured to them at great expense to the Government and loss to the Indian.

The case lies in a nutshell. It is the old story of Naboth's vineyard over again, and Government is asked to do the work of Jezebel. But what is Durango, that the people of these United States, in Congress assembled, should pass an act of tyranny and injustice to oblige its citizens? And how can the interests of Colorado, or of any State in the Union, be advanced by inhumanity and lack of faith on the part of the Federal Government? No; let every Congressman look first of all to the honor of his country, and let all their constituents hold them up to that noble mark. Nothing more, and nothing less, do the friends of the Indians ask.

# TEN TIMES ONE.

Look up and not down,  
Look forward and not back,  
Look out and not in,  
Lend a Hand.

## THE ROBIN AND THE STORK.

### AN EASTER STORY.

BY WILLIAM H. LYON.

I AM going to tell you a very strange experience of mine. It happened on the evening of the fifth of April. I was coming down from my dinner at the Norfolk House about seven in the evening when I heard a sound from the top of one of the elms in the old church-yard that made me look up. I looked up very gladly, for I knew it was the first robin of the spring. There he sat alone, poor little fellow, chirping sadly and looking around on all sides for his fellows. Whether he was the first one to arrive, or whether the others had gone on further, I did not know. But there was something so sorrowful and lonely in his voice that it haunted me all the way down the hill. I thought of the psalmist in the Bible who, far away from his native land in exile, said that he was like a sparrow alone upon the house-top. I went up to my study, and sat down in my favorite arm-chair to think over what I had to do that evening.

How long I had sat there thinking I do not know. But I heard, all at once, a queer little scratching sound on the window-sill, and then a very familiar, sad little chirp, and, looking around, I saw — if you believe me, for I could hardly believe my own eyes — I saw that robin. He bowed as robins do, when he saw that I was looking at him, and ran along the window-sill and flew up to the black marble mantel just above my head in front of me, tilted himself up, set his head on one side, and looked down at me with his bright little eye as if I were an earth-worm, and he were going to pull me up.

"Good evening," said I, not knowing what to say, for I was very much astonished.

"Good evening," said the robin. I almost fell out of my chair, for he not only said it just as plainly as I did, but as if he was used to it.

"Good evening," said he, again, seeing that I did not answer. "I hope I am not intruding."

"Oh, no," said I, summoning up my good manners. "I am very glad to see you. Won't you sit down?"

The robin laughed a merry little tinkling laugh, like water dropping into a basin, and said, "Oh, sir, I thank you, robins don't sit down, you know. When we sit down we stand up." And then he laughed again.

By this time I had a little recovered from my surprise, and laughed, too. "Of course, I beg your pardon. But I am glad to see you. I've seen you before."

"Why, how could that be?" said the robin. "I've only just come."

"I saw you on the top of the tree in the church-yard. I thought you seemed a little lonesome there."

"Yes, I was. The rest of the family have not got here yet. I am the youngest, you know. It was my first winter away. Our family always go to Florida in the winter, you know," said the young fellow, straightening himself up still more, and puffing out his little red breast.

"Oh, indeed," said I, very much amused.

"But we never go in flocks," said he. "It is every bird for himself, and I, being young and strong, flew ahead of the rest, so now I have nobody to speak to; and, seeing you sitting here alone, as I looked in from the big elm outside there, I thought perhaps you would be willing to chat with me for a while."

"Yes, indeed," said I. "Your family do not call on me very often. I suppose they belong to the other church."

"Oh, no, we don't belong to any church. You see we like to go around on pleasant days to different churches. My father says that he can perch on a tree or on the eaves, and hear just as well as the people inside. Rainy Sundays we stay at home, and when it is very pleasant we take a little trip out into the country. So you see we get our religion without any expense."

"Yes," said I, "I've heard of that way of going to church before."

The robin eyed me very sharply for an instant, as if to see what I meant. But he looked so innocent, and withal so handsome, with his soft, red breast, and his sparkling eyes, and his trim, neat feathers, and general freshness and brightness, that I relented, and said:—

"We are building a new church, and there are some beautiful elms alongside of it. You must come up some Sunday and make us a call when we are well settled."

"Yes," said the robin, "I've been meaning to come up some Sunday and hear you preach."

That sounded very familiar, too. I wondered where he had picked up these sayings.

"Besides, I have become very much interested in religious matters. There was a Roxbury family spending the winter in Florida, near where our family were, and I used to hear them talk a good deal about their church. But I could not understand all they said. For instance, one of the girls said she wanted to get home by Easter. What is Easter? How could she come home by it? Is Easter the name of a steamer or a town?"

I put on my most ministerial air, and was about to say, "Don't you even know what Easter means," when I heard a tiny laugh at my right, and a very little voice, though it had something gruff about it, said, "Well, you are green!" And at that there came another laugh, and a tiny, softer voice said, "He would be green, if he wasn't so red!"

I turned around quickly, wondering who else had got in. But it was no stranger, but two little figures, less than a foot high, which I had brought from the north of France. One was a fisherman, a queer little fellow, with a red cap, falling down in a peak behind, a gray blouse, and red, short breeches. He had a coil of rope in one hand, and a little plaster codfish in the other. Usually he had a pipe in his mouth, but he had taken it out, and was holding it in the same hand with the rope, for his mouth was stretched in a broad grin, and his black eyes shone in his brown face like raisins in gingerbread. Near him was his wife, a dark-complexioned, little woman, with a queer muslin cap on her head, a little plaid shawl about her shoulders, a red dress and large green apron, a brass cross on a chain about her neck, and an ear-ring in her left ear. What-

ever she had carried in her hands had been lost with the other earring on the voyage over, which was very rough.

I was astonished. Those two figures had stood there nearly three years, but had never opened their mouths, and here they were talking as if they were used to it, and in English, too!

While I was staring at them I heard a chuckling and giggling sound, as if from several persons, and, following it up to the wall ahead of me, I saw there, hanging over the piano, a fine plaster cast of "The Singing Boys." There are seven of them, looking over each other's shoulders at a book, with their mouths open as if singing. Now that cast was taken from a famous sculpture in Italy, made four hundred and fifty years ago. I never heard of its laughing, nor of any cast doing it before. But, if you will believe it, every one of those seven boys had his head turned around over his shoulder grinning and chuckling at the poor, ignorant, young robin.

The poor bird looked quite ashamed of himself. He seemed to droop as if he were in a rain-storm, and he looked at me so pitifully that I hastened to say:—

"You mustn't be surprised at Mr. Robin's ignorance. You know he was born since last Easter, and has never had a chance to go to Sunday School."

Here the boys nudged each other, and trod on each other's toes, and the two who held the book laughed so that they dropped the book down behind the piano. This rather sobered them, for they could not get down to pick it up, and the whole seven, as they peered down together into the darkness, looked so comically helpless that the robin laughed heartily, till the room seemed full of music.

"But I thought," said the gruff little voice of the fisherman, "that every child knew what Easter meant. Why, in France the priests are very angry if we do not tell the boys and girls all about it. And when it comes, we have such music and flowers and candles in the church that it seems as if we should never forget it." And his wife clasped her hands in ecstasy at the thought of it. "Yes," she added, "and I always have a new cap on Easter Sunday, and a new ribbon for my neck, for it always seems to me that one ought to have fresh clothes somehow on the day when our Lord put on new life and rose from the dead."

"What is that?" said the robin. "Somebody rose from the dead?"

"Why, yes," said the little woman, her one ear-ring bobbing about as she spoke sharply and earnestly. "It is the day when Jesus rose from the dead."

"Oh," said the robin, but I could see that he did not know who Jesus was. But he did not dare to tell, for fear those boys would laugh at him again.

The little fisherman and his wife suspected this, however, and were looking at each other with something like horror, when a very grave and dignified voice said:—

"Perhaps I can explain it to the young gentleman."

"O, thank you," said the robin, who seemed to take all the talking as a matter of course. But as for me, I felt as if I were turning to stone. For that voice came from nothing else but a stork that stood on a bracket against the wall, just behind the singing boys. He was not a real stork, but was so well made out of some kind of paper cotton that many people have taken him for a natural bird stuffed. He is a very dignified and elegant bird, of aristocratic and serious bearing, and when any parishioner comes to see me who seems to expect me to wear a dignified and professional air, I look up to him for inspiration. He is tall and slender, with a long, wooden beak, and long, thin legs made of lead. Around his taper neck is an old-gold satin ribbon, which gives him an exceedingly dressy appearance, and makes him look more aristocratic than ever.

I gazed at him speechless.

"Yes," said he again, "I think I can explain the matter to the young gentleman. You see, I came from Strasburg, and the Strasburg storks are a very old and famous family. The shop where I was made, and had to wait to be sold, was very near that well-known chimney where one of the stork families has its nest. And they are related to the Jerusalem storks. You know the Bible several times speaks of them. For instance, the Psalms say: 'As for the stork, the fir-trees are her house.' And Jeremiah said: 'The stork knoweth her appointed times.' Our family used to go away for a change as well as the robins," said the stork, with a perk of his head.

As for me, I could not say a word. Here was this solemn bird not

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only talking, but knowing so much about the Bible. I looked a little closer, and I saw, what I had never noticed before, that his head was a little on one side, and his little bead of a left eye was turned downward to my desk. Evidently this bird had been looking over my shoulder for three years, reading all that I read, and all that I wrote. This was alarming. I resolved never to leave him alone in the room with anybody after this.

But he went on very solemnly :—

“I have often heard the Strasburg storks tell the story of the first Easter Sunday, though. It was not called Easter nor Sunday then. You see the Jews had got angry with Jesus, because he claimed to be the true Messiah. They expected somebody who was to gather armies and drive out the Romans, and make himself king, and give all the Jews money and fine houses and clothing, and revenge upon all their enemies. But when he did nothing of the kind, but taught them to be loving and merciful, to mind what he told them, and have faith in God, they accused him of being a traitor to his people, and had him brought before the governor, whose name was Pontius Pilate. He tried to let him go free, but the Jews would not allow it. So he felt obliged to put him to death. And the officers took him and nailed him to a cross, where he hung by his hands and feet until, after a few hours of suffering, he died.

“Then a man named Joseph came to Pilate and begged that he might be allowed to have the dead body of his friend, so that he could bury it. Pilate said that he might have it, and he came with his friend, Nicodemus, by night, so that no enemy should know it, and they set a ladder up against the cross, and pulled out the nails, and took the poor, bleeding body down very tenderly, and bore it away to where Joseph had lately cut a new tomb out of the solid white limestone rock in the side of a hill. And there they laid the body of Jesus, wrapped up in fine linen, with spices and ointments, as the custom is in Eastern countries. Then they rolled a great stone up against the hole of the cave, and went home to bed. This was Friday night, as we should call it.

“The next day was Saturday, the Sabbath, or resting-day, of the Jews, when they were very particular not to work, or even walk about, unless it was very necessary.

“But on what we should call Sunday morning, early, before it

was light, one of Jesus' friends and disciples, called Mary Magdalene, came to the tomb, and, to her great astonishment, found that the stone had been rolled away from the hole."

Here the stork stopped for breath, for he was getting a little excited. I looked around the room. The little fisherman was standing stock still, mouth open, and the pipe in his hand gone out, and his wife's mouth was open, too, and her ear-ring was still. Both were listening with all their might. As for the boys, I thought they would twist their heads off trying to look around at the stork behind them. And I noticed, too, that all the photographs that I had in a wire frame against the wall, most of them children, had turned their faces, and were trying to catch every word that the stork said. Then he went on:—

"When Mary saw that the stone had been moved she ran back and told Peter, one of the apostles, and he went and told his brother apostle, John, and they both ran as fast as they could go to the tomb. John got there first, and, stooping down, looked in, and saw the linen clothes lying there, but no body. Then Peter came up. He was a very impulsive man, and went straight in. There was no body there.

"There were various stories of his having been seen here or there: some said in bodily shape, so that he could be touched; others said in spirit form, so that he came and disappeared. But the outcome of all the stories was one clear belief, which was, so to speak, newly born that day: that neither Jesus nor anybody else really dies when he seems to die, but lives on in some other way under God's care. Jesus was not dead. He was still living in heaven, and still working for mankind."

"But I thought everybody believed that," said the fisherman.

"So they do, *now*," answered the stork, "but all did not then.

"The thought gave the friends of Jesus new courage. When they saw him die upon the cross, they thought nothing more was to be hoped for, and went back to their old homes and their old work. But when this new idea of Jesus' living and helping them came to them, they all came back to Jerusalem, and prepared to go around telling other people what Jesus had told them.

"A great many things which he had said to them, but which they had not understood, now came back to them and were very clear."

"What kind of words were they?" said the robin.

"Well, they remembered that he had often told them that he should suffer and die. But they were so set upon making him a king, and so firmly believed that he could do everything, that they could not believe that anybody could put him to death.

"And then he had told them how, even though he should die, his cause would go on. In fact, he said it was better that he should go away, because then the truth would come to them, and they would understand what he meant. And, surely enough, that was just what came true. So they were very happy and brave. The Jews began to put them to death, as they had Jesus, but they did not care. As long as they lived they could work for Jesus, and if they were killed they would go to be with him. So they went out into the country, and into the meeting-houses or synagogues, and taught the new truth. And it spread very fast, till all the world was full of it.

"But they never forgot the day when they first came to believe that Jesus was still alive. They always celebrated it with gladness and worship, called it the Lord's Day, and, many years after, Sunday."

"But," said the robin, "you have not told me yet what Easter means. Captain," he said to the fisherman, "you said everybody in your country knew. How came this day to be called Easter?"

The poor man's face grew as red as his cap. He put his pipe back in his mouth, but it had gone out, and he took it out again. He looked at his wife, but she was very busy smoothing down her apron, and did not seem to see him. The boys began to chuckle, and there was a little rustle among the photographs. As for the stork, he seemed to find the ribbon around his neck very tight, and tried to lift his claw to loosen it. His left foot was nailed down to the bracket, but at last he got his right one up, and pretended not to hear the robin's question. But a sweet little voice said: "*I* can tell you about Easter." All eyes were turned that way, and we found it was the photograph of a little English girl that was speaking, the daughter of a friend of mine, and a very thoughtful little girl. She was standing by the side of her mother, who was holding the baby in her lap, while another little girl leaned on the other side.

The robin hopped along to the other end of the mantel, where he could see the little girl, tilted himself up, and said:—

"Thank you, you are very kind to take so much trouble for a stranger."

"O, no trouble at all. You know that the name began in England. Our forefathers were called Anglo-Saxons, and they had many gods and goddesses, for that was before the religion of Jesus came there. And one of those they liked best was the goddess of Spring, and they used to worship her when the flowers began to bloom, with music and processions and great joy. Her name was Eostre, or Eastre, and when the Christian preachers came they found that the festival of Spring was about the same time as their festival of the resurrection, or rising again. So they took the old name and put the new meaning into it, and called it Easter Day, or Easter Sunday."

"O, that makes it all clear," said the robin. "Thank you, ever so much," and he threw back his head and sang for very gladness. I never heard a robin sing so. You see he was so glad to get where somebody seemed friendly, and he was so stirred up by the beautiful story of the resurrection, that his heart was full, and he had to sing it out.

But suddenly he stopped, and his head drooped. "But," he said, "do robins rise from the dead, too? Do *we* live again, as well as dead children and people?"

"No one knows," said the stork, "but many good and wise men have believed that all, birds and animals, do have a future life. But as for myself, I try not to think too much about it. Being only a paper stork any way, I suppose I ought not to expect it. But I have often thought that all beings that live at all can have a resurrection before they die — and a good many resurrections."

The fisherman and his wife stared. It seemed a very strange thing to say. How could any one rise from the dead before he had died?

"You know," said the stork, "that none of us are more than half-alive. Either we have let part of us die, or else we have partly never begun to live. Every time we do anything wrong we lose part of our power to do right. Part of us dies. And then when we try hard to do right we get our strength back again. It rises from the dead. And so the more we do right, the more we live — the more we rise from the dead. That is what I mean. You know St. Paul said to people who were still living: 'If, then, ye be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above.' So you can rise from the dead before you die, and you can have Easter Day just when you please."

Then a strange thing took place. The singing boys, who had held the book and their mouths open for four hundred and fifty years without a sound, looked at each other, and broke out into the good old hymn : —

“ Christ is risen, angels tell ;  
Good Christians, see ye rise as well.”

And the fisherman and his wife straightened up and joined in, and all the children's voices came pouring out like so many jets of sparkling water, and high above them all was the fresh, young voice of the robin, though how he knew the hymn I cannot imagine,—the time seemed full of strange things. So they all sang together till the room seemed crowded full of melody. St. Cecilia, in the picture, stopped looking up to the heavenly choir, and smiled at the earthly chorus. The old men in the photographs — Emerson and Stanley, and good Doctor Clarke, who know all about the resurrection now — smiled, too, as the chorus sang : —

“ Christ is risen, angels tell ;  
Good Christians, see ye rise as well.”

Then I began to hear what might be a low, rumbling bass, like an organ pedal-note. But it grew harsh and more rumbling, and less musical. It was a belated dray going back to town over the stone pavements. I was so provoked that I ran to the window and looked out, to see who it could be. When I turned back there was no robin to be seen. There were the fisherman and his wife, but they were as stiff as ever, staring straight before them, as when I bought them in Dieppe. There were the boys, but as silent as they had been for four centuries, still looking at the book, with mouths open, but not a sound. The stork was perfectly straight and still, and all the photographs were just photographs, and nothing more. It was very strange ! How the robin got out I never knew, any more than how he got in, for the window was shut close. Often since then I have stopped where robins were, and looked longingly up to them. But none of them acts as if he had ever seen me. And often I have sat alone in my study at twilight, but no robin comes in, and the stork and the boys, the photographs and the fisher couple are silent.

But still the old hymn rings in my ears : —

“ Christ is risen, angels tell ;  
Good Christians, see ye rise as well.”

## REPORTS OF TEN TIMES ONE CLUBS, ETC.

PERSONS who are forming clubs, or are interested in Ten Times One work, are requested to address all letters of inquiry to Mrs. Bernard Whitman, Lawrence Avenue, Dorchester, Mass.

Mrs. Whitman is the central secretary of the clubs, and will gladly give information or help in forming them. It is desirable to keep the list of clubs as complete as possible, and all clubs based on the Wadsworth mottoes which have not sent in their names are requested to do so.

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### ITHACA, N. Y.

THE name of our society is the Lend a Hand Club. We have at present sixteen members. We admit none other than girls as members, and our ages range from ten to nineteen years. The time appointed for the meetings to be held is each Wednesday of the week. The first work done by the club was an entertainment given by the members. It consisted of tableaux and supper, to raise money for charitable purposes. The entertainment brought us in about eight dollars and a half.

We have been working thus far for the benefit of the Montana Industrial School. We have bought material and made it into wearing apparel, made by the members of the club at each meeting. All of the contributions given for that institution were packed, in readiness for sending, at our last meeting.

The mottoes chosen by the club are the Wadsworth mottoes.

We are thinking of giving another entertainment of some sort in the near future, to raise more money to help us in our work.

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### PORTLAND, OREGON.

IN the spring of 1885 we organized our society under the name of the Children's Flower Mission. There were five of us. Occupied though we were with school and home duties, we felt that we

could "lend a hand" in some way if our spare hours were rightly directed. With no experience, little time, less money, we had to make up our very evident deficiencies by energy, steadiness of purpose, and a desire to do our share in kind works.

We drew up a constitution (a very unnecessary proceeding in the main, by the way), elected officers, went through all the customary preliminaries. We decided to have two meetings each month, at which committees were appointed to go to the hospitals, and visit among private families, whenever we knew of homes where it would be well for us to go.

Although carrying flowers was the main object of our visits, we also took reading-matter and fruit. It did not remain a society of five long, many of our companions being willing to help.

When the autumn came we had serious and earnest debates concerning what our work should be during the long winter months, feeling that then was the time the most good could be done. The result of our deliberations was an entertainment — a bazaar, I believe, with musical programme — which netted us seventy dollars. We were greatly encouraged by the kind interest manifested by all our older friends. The money enabled us to carry on our work without intermission during the months when the hot-houses were the only places where flowers were to be found.

Our society has numbered as many as thirty members, but twenty active members is the average. Many of those who were members when the mission was first founded are now no longer children, but are desirous of continuing their work. In consideration of this, we now invite any young people who would enjoy it to assist us. Our yearly entertainment has always been the means of raising a sufficient amount of money for continuing the work. During the five years we have had our mission we have taken our tokens of good-will to at least six thousand nine hundred people, or, to speak exactly, six thousand nine hundred times. With but few exceptions, our offerings have been accepted in the same spirit as they were offered.

#### BROOKLYN, N. Y.

OUR club was formed a year ago, its Ten being members of a class in the First Universalist Sunday School of Brooklyn. It chose

for its motto this, from the German: "He who bears not his Lord's yoke, may not adorn himself with His cross." Its first work was the making of a screen for the Woman's Homœopathic Hospital. There have been many, many picture-card screens made for hospitals, but this screen, at least so we think, was a peculiarly fine screen. It was five feet high, and of ample width, in three sections; its covers were not loose and flapping, but stretched tightly and tacked neatly; its picture-cards were not pasted on, to become drooping and half-attached objects with advancing age, but tied at the corners to the dark green silesia with bits of bright, silk floss, and, best of all, only one side was covered with pictures; the other, smoothly upholstered in dark-red plush flannel, might rest the eyes of the patients, when they tired of the bright cards.

In the spring each member collected about a dollar by means of Lend a Hand soliciting-cards of our own invention. Therewith thirty pretty dolls, "with hair," were purchased, and the club set to work this fall, meeting every two weeks, to dress them before Christmas. Each doll had a neat suit of under-clothing, with full complement of button-holes — here the mothers of the Ten helped — and a dainty dress of wash fabric. At Christmas we gave these to thirty little girls in one of Brooklyn's Industrial Schools: schools where children, too needy and ragged to attend the public schools, are instructed, clothed, and provided with a warm dinner each noon. There were twenty-six boys in the school, and we bought for them knives, balls, tool-chests, toy ships, stables, etc., all out of our slender fund, and still we have a dollar left, which we have loyally voted to send to Boston, as our yearly fee. Now, with our coffers and our conscience clear, we must consider ways and means for another year's pleasant and, we trust, helpful work.

#### BEDFORD, MASS.

OUR club has prospered very much. We have met once a month. Our first work was to send flowers to the Boston Flower Mission. We sent five large boxes. Then we bought some little tumblers, and Mrs. Johnson, our president, filled them with jelly for us. These were for a box for the Children's Hospital, which we sent to them Christmas. We then made some scrap-books. We made twenty-



four. In November some of us visited the Children's Hospital. We spent a pleasant hour there amusing the children. We were very much interested in a little blind girl, who was sick with pneumonia; so much so that Christmas time we bought a music-box and sent it to her. The 23d of December our president packed our box and sent it. A missionary in Dakota has asked us to make some scrap-books for him, so that will be our next work. We meet Saturday afternoons from three to five.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

AFTER an inspiring sermon preached by the pastor of the Third Religious Society upon Mr. Hale's story, "Ten Times One is Ten," our club came into existence in the fall of 1889.

The movement started with one of the younger classes of the Sunday School, who, after organizing, invited two of the older classes, with their teachers, to join them. It was then decided it should not be denominational, and each was invited to bring a new member, so that we now number "Ten Times Four." We adopt the Wadsworth motto, strive to follow the Golden Rule, and to do at least one kind act each day. We hold our meetings on successive Saturday afternoons, from two to four o'clock, and this winter have been working on articles for a fair which we intend to have on May-day, the proceeds of which are to be given toward the support of a bed at the Children's Hospital.

Since organizing we have sent a box of fruit to the hospital for pauper women at Rainsford Island, and are now progressing in collecting articles of clothing, books, and toys for the new Lend a Hand Home for widowed mothers with children.

We are ready to lend a hand wherever we can, and are grateful to know of opportunities where we can be of service. Boys and girls alike seem to have an active and growing interest in their work. A membership fee of fifty cents is required; a fine of one cent is imposed for every absence. Our officers consist of a president, treasurer, and secretary, with three directors, who assist in purchasing and planning our work.

We gratefully acknowledge the valued assistance of one of the King's Daughters and other friends.

We have but one honorary member, who wrote, and inscribed to our club, the lines given below, upon acceptance of the badge.

## IN HIS NAME.

"I. H. N." on your present I read: In His Name;  
His Name who the Cross turned to glory from shame;  
Name Him as our Leader, who is ever the same!

In the morning, dear children, let all of us pray,  
"His Spirit be with us each hour of the day;"  
Name Him as our Leader, in work and at play!

In the long, shining hours, whatever betide,  
His will be our pleasure, His precepts our guide;  
Name Him as our Leader, evermore by our side!

In the quiet of home, when the long day is done,  
His Name on our lips let us take, every one;  
Name Him as our Leader, God's holiest Son!

"In His Name" be we loving and true to the end;  
His Name to our living a high purpose lend;  
Name Him as our Leader, our Saviour, and Friend!

"In His Name" look ye up, forward, out, little band!  
His Name evermore make you all Lend a Hand!  
Name Him as our Leader to Heaven's bright land!

# INTELLIGENCE.

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## ANNUAL MEETING OF RAMABAI ASSOCIATION.

THE Ramabai Association held its second annual meeting in Boston, March 11th. The vice-president, Rev. Phillips Brooks, D. D., presided. After opening the meeting with prayer, he said :—

“It is in the absence of our president, Dr. Hale, that there has devolved upon me the duty of presiding at this meeting. I believe that I am the commissioned bearer to this meeting of the expression of his regret that it is impossible for him to be here. He would have spoken to us from a knowledge of the work which I cannot command ; I come to-day for the purpose of being instructed with regard to what has been done during the past year, and the progress of the very interesting enterprise in which our friend is engaged. The figure of Ramabai is very present with us still, and never will be forgotten by those who knew her, talked with her, and saw something of the enthusiasm with which she started upon her mission. She has carried that enthusiasm with her around the globe. It was my privilege to cross the Pacific in the steamship in which the principal of our school had crossed a few months before ; and I was very deeply impressed by seeing how the officers of the steamship had been taken possession of by her enthusiasm and zeal, and how they had been swept into interest with her work. The officer of a steamship carries a great many people across the ocean, and is apt to be supremely indifferent to them ; but the recollection of this lady, and of the work she had before her, and of the spirit with which she was undertaking it, was very fresh there.

"We know the condition of her country, which makes her work necessary. We know the long-established social customs which have been in some sort the preservation, and in another sense the hindrance, of India. We know the new life of India, shown nowhere more clearly than in the personal experience of this lady. We know how the distant has been brought present to those who have heard her story, in this country and in other lands. And we know how the great feeling of humanity which underlies every difference of race, of custom, or of creed, has been deeply stirred as she has spoken to us. These annual occasions are of vast value if from year to year they give us the information we need, and quicken the interest which, in the midst of the hurry and bustle of life, and the complication of a million interests pressing upon us, sometimes flags. I do then most earnestly bespeak your attention to the reports which will be read, and the addresses which will be made, in the hour which we shall spend together."

The recording secretary read the minutes of the last meeting, which were accepted.

In the absence of the corresponding secretary, Mrs. Russell read Miss Granger's report:—

"At the annual meeting of the association held in December, 1888, I reported fifty-two active Circles. To these five more were added during the following year. Among these five I count as one the Auxiliary Association of Virginia, in which clergymen of all denominations are interested in Richmond, Norfolk, Lynchburg, and Petersburg. With their cordial support the subject has been brought before large audiences in all these cities, and this branch association is the result. Its constitution differs slightly from that of the Circles, and its pledge is reduced to twenty-five cents, to suit the purses of Sunday School children and others with small means. This being the case, the \$150 pledged annually means a much wider interest in the work than the same sum would imply elsewhere. Last year \$264 were also raised for the general fund.

"Including this Virginia Auxiliary, these fifty-seven Circles,

in sixteen States, Washington and Canada, with a membership of about three thousand and four hundred, have raised during the past year \$4,069 for annual support, and pledge the same amount for the remaining eight years, this sum being \$923 more than that pledged last year. They have also raised \$631 in ten years' pledges paid in full, and \$1,252 towards establishing the school; making a total of \$5,952 from the Circles.

"The branch association of the Pacific coast consists of about twenty Circles.

"Before going out to Bombay in September, 1889, as representative of the Executive Committee, Miss Hamlin reported \$851 pledged annually, and \$5,000 raised for establishing the school.

"There are also many friends outside the Circles contributing towards the annual support, who are the special care of our recording secretary. She reports the payment for the second year of the nine scholarships, one hundred dollars each, seven of which come from as many Boston ladies; also \$122 in smaller sums from scattered contributors.

"During the past year a private effort has also been made by Mrs. G. N. Dana of Boston to form clusters of ten or more persons, and to interest some of the bands of King's Daughters and Ten Times One clubs in Ramabai's work, without demanding a ten years' pledge, which often proves a barrier to connection with a Circle. From the clusters already formed, and from personal friends, Mrs. Dana reports \$111 in donations, and \$75 pledged annually.

"In all these branches of the work in this country the monthly letters from Ramabai and Miss Hamlin, appearing in *LEND A HAND*, have been found very interesting, and by the distribution of about four thousand leaflets and reports a knowledge of the work has been extended.

"From these various sources we find that \$6,017 were paid in this past year, and are pledged annually, for the support of Ramabai's school, the Sharada Sadana, during the remaining eight years of its dependence upon the association. This is \$1,871 more than the annual pledges of last year, and is very

encouraging, as proving an increasing interest in the work, and confidence in Ramabai and the association."

A. P. GRANGER,

*Cor. Sec. Ramabai Ass'n.*

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y., March 7, 1890.

Mr. T. Jefferson Coolidge, Jr., treasurer Ramabai Association, submitted the following report:—

#### RECEIPTS.

##### Annual Subscription for

Support of School, - - - - -	\$13,357 21
General Fund, - - - - -	10,876 83
Building Fund, - - - - -	8,037 99
Scholarships, - - - - -	3,155 00
Interest, - - - - -	826 87
	<hr/>
	\$36,285 70

#### EXPENDITURES.

Salaries, - - - - -	\$4,521 00
General Expenses of School, - - - - -	2,281 00
Emergency Fund, - - - - -	1,000 00
Papers, Periodicals, Kindergarten goods for the School, - - - - -	65 91
Ramabai's passage to India, - - - - -	350 00
Ramabai's child's passage to India, - - - - -	122 55
Miss Demmon's passage to India, - - - - -	300 00
Executive Committee, - - - - -	225 00
Printing, Stationery, Postage, Treasurer's Account Books, Incidentals, - - - - -	124 40
Balance in Bay State Trust Co., - - - - -	27,295 84
	<hr/>
	\$36,285 70

I should like also to point out one fact as illustrating the strong position of the Association. On the first of January, last year, the Association had \$19,000 to its credit. This year, on the first of March, notwithstanding the expenses of the previous year, we have over \$27,000 in the treasury, showing the increased interest.\*

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\* It is observed that a large balance is at this moment in the treasurer's hands. It must be understood that all this money and more, is needed almost immediately for the purchase of the building and its proper equipment. Had the report been presented at any other season no such balance would appear.

. The report of the Executive Committee was presented by the chairman, Mrs. J. W. Andrews. After a brief review of the report presented last year, Mrs. Andrews gave an account of Ramabai's journey to India, the receptions she received wherever she landed, and the establishment of the school in Bombay. The report was replete with interesting incidents in the life of the school taken from the letters of Pundita Ramabai and Miss Hamlin.

The perfectly satisfactory condition of the school, and its steady gain in the confidence of both native and foreign residents of India, give great reason for encouragement to the Association. The report is so full of interest from beginning to end that it will not bear abridgment. The Association will, therefore, publish it in full as soon as possible, and it will be sent free on application to the LEND A HAND Office, 3 Hamilton Place, Boston.

Hon. Alexander H. Rice, the president of the Board of Trustees, was then introduced. He said:—

“The remarkable condition of the world in which such a work can be started is worthy of our attention for a moment. This is sometimes said to be a materialistic age, and no doubt it is; but I think it is no less noble on that account. Certainly a materialistic age implies an age of the very highest intelligence among men. For illustration, any one who has watched the progress of the arts for the last half-century will be impressed, I think, by the greater amount of intelligence which has been put into them. The influence of that intelligence is limited by no country and to no race. The wonderful progress of the English language, and the influence which the English-speaking race is exerting upon the other nations of the world, however, is a most marvellous result of this general intelligence diffused among English-speaking people. And the result is seen in such examples as we have before us to-day, of the planting in the older countries of the seed of a Christian civilization.”

In closing, Mr. Rice expressed his confidence in the success of the objects which the Association have at heart, and con-

gratulated them on the excellent results thus far attained.

The following list of officers was unanimously elected :—

*PRESIDENT.*

REV. EDWARD E. HALE, D. D.

*VICE-PRESIDENTS.*

REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS, D. D.,	REV. GEORGE A. GORDON,
Miss FRANCES E. WILLARD.	Mrs. MARY HEMENWAY,
REV. LYMAN ABBOTT, D. D.	

*BOARD OF TRUSTEES*

HON. A. H. RICE.	PROF. CHAS. C. SHACKFORD,
MRS. QUINCY A. SHAW,	MR. T. JEFFERSON COOLIDGE, JR.,
MISS PHEBE G. ADAM,	MR. CHARLES P. WARE.
MISS ELLEN MASON.	MR. ROBERT TREAT PAISE,
MR. ALPHEUS H. HARDY.	MR. CLEMENT W. ANDREWS.
MR. E. H. FERRY, Treasurer, 87 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.	

*ADVISORY BOARD IN POONA.*

DR. RAMAKRISHNA G. BHANDARKAR.	RAO BAHADUR M. RANADE,
RAO SAHEB DESHMUKH.	

*ADVISORY BOARD IN BOMBAY.*

DR. ATMARAM PANDURANG TARKHAD,	
MR. VAMAN ABAJI MODAK.	
HON. MR. JUSTICE TELANG.	
MR. N. G. CHANDAVARKAR.	
DR. SADASHIV VAMAN KANE.	
MR. RAMCHUNDEA VISHNU MADGAONKAR.	
MR. SADASHIV PANDURANG KELKAR.	
PUNDITA RAMABAI D. MEDHAVI.	

*EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.*

MRS. J. W. ANDREWS,	
MISS PHEBE G. ADAM,	MISS HANNAH A. ADAM.
MRS. A. HAMILTON,	MRS. BERNARD WHITMAN.
MRS. B. F. CALEF.	MISS SUSAN MANNING.
MRS. J. S. COPLEY GREENE,	MISS SARAH D. HAMLIN.

*RECORDING SECRETARY.*

MRS. ELLIOTT RUSSELL, 407 Marlboro Street, Boston.

*CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.*

Miss A. P. GRANGER, Canandaigua, N. Y.

*PRINCIPAL OF SHARADA SADANA.*

PUNDITA RAMABAI D. MEDHAVI.



A motion was made that a nominating committee of three members be chosen to present a list of officers at the next annual meeting. This committee, which was unanimously elected, was as follows: Rev. George A. Gordon, Hon. Alexander H. Rice, Miss Phebe Adam.

*Voted*, that the annual meeting be held in future in March, at the call of the president, instead of in December, as formerly.

Rev. George A. Gordon was then introduced, and made a brief address:—

“It is touching to have the Old World turn thus to the New for aid in its efforts to regain what it has lost, and to add to its life what it has never had.

“The object and motive of this work are very simple, and of this we ought never to lose sight. It is simply to bring an educated, an emancipated life, according to the Christian conception, to the degraded and suffering souls in India; to bring a life of Christian freedom and power and joy to those who are without it. We have in some measure received it, and the glory and sweetness and power that it has shed into our own souls we would share with the souls, so needy, in India. Freely we have received, freely let us give.

“It seems given us to live our lives in a multiplicity of good interests. Let us accept this gladly, remembering that the greatest of specialists, though he narrow his life to the utmost, can finish nothing.”

The closing address of the afternoon was made by Rev. Mr. Hazen, of Vermont, for many years a missionary in India. He spoke with warm approval of all that had been done, and told several anecdotes to show how impossible it has hitherto been for missionaries to reach the class of women for whom Ramabai is specially interested. He also approved of the admission of women who are not widows into the school, since for many years the social customs of India will probably prevent widows from marrying. The widows will undoubtedly become the teachers of their people, but these other girls may become the mothers of the people, and the

new conceptions of life which they will gain in the school will make them centres of influence.

In closing, Mr. Hazen said: "It is not necessary that there should be any turning away from Hinduism to Christianity. I speak as one who has had some little acquaintance with this matter. As the influence of Christianity is brought to bear, it will crowd out superstition. It is most necessary that there should be nothing to cause suspicion and interference on the part of parents. Much has been gained already; but it is one of our cardinal points as missionaries that men, in becoming Christians, do not cease to be Hindus; they stand by their own country and her customs, so far as those customs are right. Superstition will disappear before the light of Christianity, just as false ideas of astronomy have disappeared before the light of science."

#### WORKING GIRLS' CLUBS.

THE Central Council of the New York Association of Working Girls' Societies has arranged to hold a convention on the 15th, 16th, and 17th of April, 1890, in New York.

TUESDAY, APRIL 15th.

2 p. m. Opening Exercises and Announcements.

2.30 p. m. What is a Working Girls' Society? How to Start One. Mrs. Mary Storrs Haynes, Brooklyn; Miss Helen Iselin, New York. Discussion by club members in three-minute papers.

3 p. m. How to Rouse an Intelligent Interest in Members in their Society. Miss Edith M. Howes, Boston. Discussion by club members in three-minute papers.

3.30 p. m. How can a Society Become Self-supporting? The Collection of Dues. Miss Jane B. Potter, New York. Discussion by club members in three-minute papers.

4 p. m. Practical Talks, their Function. Miss Grace H. Dodge, New York. Discussion by club members in three-minute papers.

4.30 p. m. Practical Classes. Which are Most Useful? New Century Guild, Philadelphia. Discussion by club members in three-minute papers.

5 p. m. Adjournment.

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7.45 p. m. Annual Meeting of the New York Association of Working Girls' Societies. (Large hall, Cooper Union.)

Opening Exercises.

Annual Address and Reports.

Club Song.

Address, Co-operation and Organization Among Women for the Building up of Homes.

Club Song.

Closing Exercises.

9.30 p. m. Adjournment.

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16TH.

10 a. m. Literary Element in Club Life. Miss Florence B. Lockwood, New York; Association of Working Girls' Societies, Brooklyn. Discussion by club members in three-minute papers.

10.30 a. m. Provident and Benefit Schemes. Miss Shepherd, North Bennet Street Club, Boston; Mrs. H. Ollesheimer, New York. Discussion by club members in three-minute papers.

11 a. m. How to Make the Resolve Clubs, Lend a Hand, and Other Inside Societies More Effective. Miss S. E. Gardner, Boston. Discussion by club members in three-minute papers.

11.30 a. m. Summer Vacations; Holiday House. Miss Clara S. Potter, New York; Miss Emily M. Morgan, Hartford. Discussion by club members in three-minute papers.

12 m. Adjournment.

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2 p. m. Junior Clubs. East Cambridge Club, Boston. Discussion by club members in three-minute papers.

2.30 p. m. The Relation the Societies Hold to the Home. Miss R. F. Morse, New York. Discussion by club members in three-minute papers.

3 p. m. What do Working Girls Owe One Another? Miss Clare de Graffenried, Washington. Mrs. L. W. Betts, Brooklyn. Discussion by club members in three-minute papers.

3.30 p. m. Co-operation and Organization. What are They? Miss S. M. Minturn, New York; Miss Carlotta R. Lowell, New York. Discussion by club members in three-minute papers.

4 p. m. Towards What are we Tending? Mrs. Eliza S. Turner, Philadelphia. Various short papers presented by club members.

4.45 p. m. Adjournment.

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8 p. m. Reception to delegates at the rooms of several New York City Working Girls' Societies.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 17TH.

10 a. m. Informal Session, when opportunity will be offered for the presentation of various plans of work among girls; also when questions can be asked and answers given upon the papers of the preceding days.

11.30 a. m. Closing Exercises.

12 m. Adjournment.

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THE EMPLOYMENT OF CHILDREN IN GERMAN  
FACORIES.

THE United States Consul at Barmen, in a late report, refers to the ever-increasing employment of children in German factories. The Saxon inspectors, whose service is the best organized in Germany, state that during the past year no fewer than ten thousand six hundred and fifty-two children,

from twelve to fourteen years of age, an increase of one thousand, in round numbers, over the previous year, were employed in industrial establishments. Both the great number and its rapid rise in the course of a single twelvemonth call loudly for interference in the interest of the health and morality of the people. A short time ago it was pretended that juvenile labor in Germany had declined. In that portion of the German Empire where industry is most at its height the reverse has now been proved. The latest reports of the Saxon factory inspectors further state that during the past year the number of juvenile workers between the ages of fourteen and sixteen increased fully twenty per cent., while the number of grown-up workers increased only eight per cent. Instead of nineteen thousand nine hundred and fifty-three, the number in 1886, there are now no fewer than twenty-four thousand one hundred and eleven juvenile workers employed in the largest industrial district of Germany. "The present laws for the protection of labor permit juvenile workers to be employed ten full hours of the day, or nearly as long as is the case with grown-up workers. This limit far exceeds what is right and proper, or necessary for the learning of a handicraft. It induces the employer, who is compelled by the struggle of competition, to abandon all scruples to substitute younger and cheaper workers for older men who have to provide for families. This inducement could be easily got rid of by simply reducing the working hours of youths to a healthy *maximum* — to the six-hour limit. By this means over-production, early demoralization, and the inversion of all family institutions would be fought against at one and the same time."

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